FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

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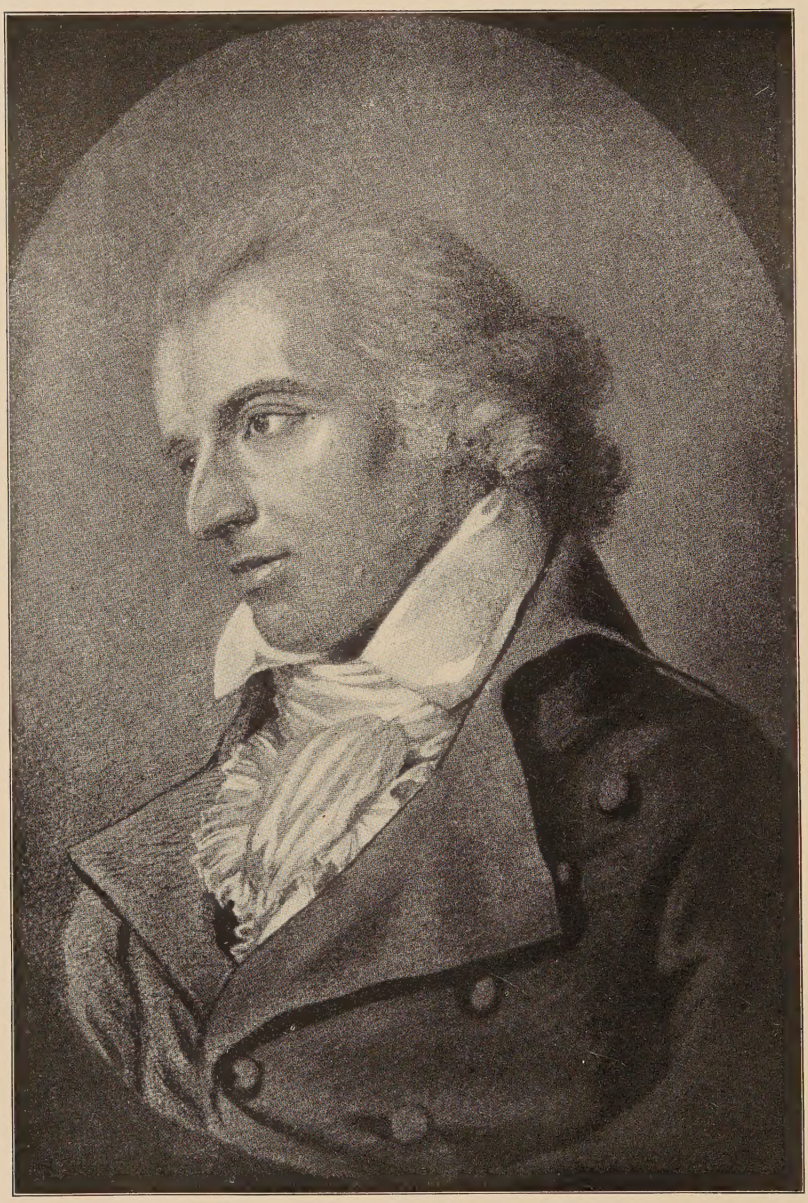

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND AN APPRECIATION OF HIS POETRY

BY

PAUL CARUS

ILLUSTRATED

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The title-page vignette is a reproduction of Schiller's seal, and the tail-piece on page 102 of his coat of arms.

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THE POET'S BIOGRAPHY.

FRIEDRICH Schiller is not merely a great poet, he is great as a man, as a thinker, and as a leader in the progress of humanity. He is a disciple of Kant, but not his blind follower. He applies Kant's philosophy to practical life, but works it out in his own way. Especially in his religious convictions Schiller is far ahead of his time. He points out a way of conservative advance along the lines of liberty and reverence, and so the opposition in which he stands to the narrow dogmatism of his age, is not a lack of religion but the surest evidence of a deep religious spirit. It pervades all his works and makes him a prophet of the religion of the future, a priest on the altar of mankind, and a poet of the eternal ideals of life.

* * *

The great poet's father, Johann Kaspar Schiller, was born October 27, 1723, in Bittenfeld, near Waiblingen. He was the son of Johann Schiller, the mayor of the village, and his wife, Eva Maria, whose maiden name was Schatz.

Schiller's father was a military surgeon. He served both as soldier and as army physician, especially in Holland. After his marriage, in 1749, he settled in Marbach.

In 1753 he entered the Württemberg army and fought against Prussia in 1758. He was made lieutenant in 1759 (March 21) and captain in 1761 (August 17). His regiment was stationed part of the time in Ludwigsburg and part in Stuttgart, and in 1770 he was given a company of his own. In 1785 he was transferred to the Solitüde in charge of the garden. Here he devoted himself to arboriculture and wrote two works on that subject, in which he incorporated his experiences of twenty years' active service as a gardener.[1] In 1794 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and died September 7, 1796.

[1] *Gedanken über die Baumzucht im Grossen* (1793), and *Die Baumzucht im Grossen nach zwanzigjähriger Erfahrung im Kleinen* (1795).

Schiller's mother, Elisabetha Dorothea, was the daughter of Friedrich Kodweis, the baker in Marbach and owner of the Lion inn. She was married to the poet's father on July 22, 1749, and died April 29, 1802. Schiller had five sisters of whom two died early and three reached the age of maturity. The eldest, Elisabetha Christophina Friederika, (commonly called *Fine* at home,) was born at

HOUSE OF SCHILLER'S BIRTH.

Marbach, September 4, 1757, and married June 22, 1786, to the poet's friend, the librarian Wilhelm Friedrich Hermann Reinwald of Meiningen. She died at Meiningen, August 31, 1847.

Of the two younger sisters, Luise Dorothea Katharina was born January 23, 1766, at Lorch. She was married October 20,

1799, to Johann Gottlieb Frankh, a clergyman and teacher of Möckmühl, who was born December 20, 1760, and died September 14, 1836.

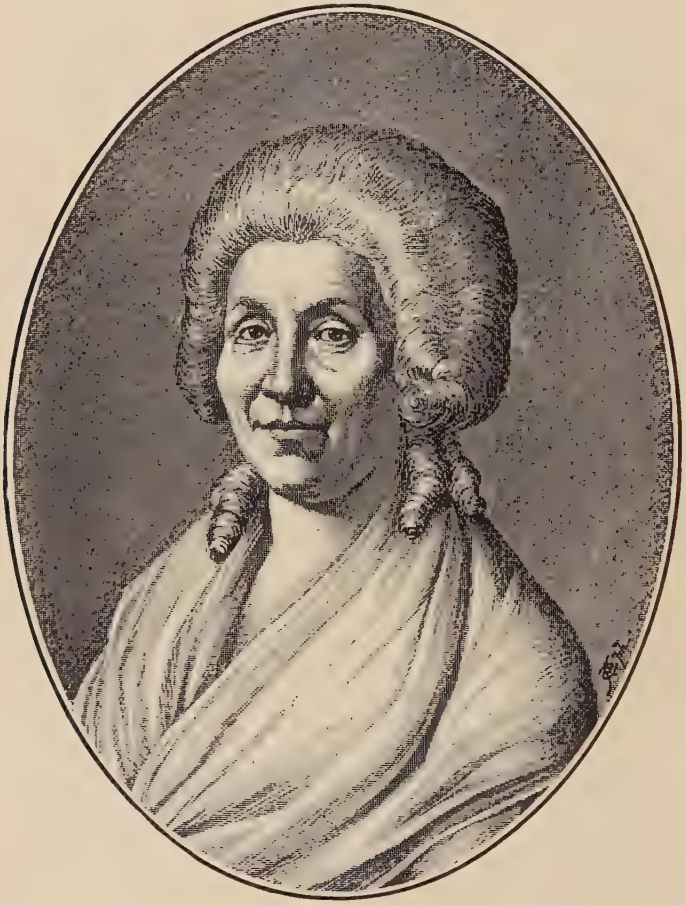
Schiller's youngest sister, born September 8, 1777, at the Solitüde, was baptized Karoline Christiane, but always called Nannette or Nane. She died unmarried March 23, 1796.

SCHILLER'S FATHER.
(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

The poet was born November 10, 1759, at Marbach. In baptism he received the name Johann Christoph Friedrich. When he was three years old the family moved to Ludwigsburg (1762) and two years later (1764) to Lorch. Here Schiller received his first

instruction from Pastor Moser who was immortalized in the venerable character of the same name that figures in the poet's first great drama "The Robbers."

From 1766 to 1772, Schiller attended the Latin school at Ludwigsburg and at that age he cherished the ambition of studying theology. The Christian spirit of his thoughts is reflected in a



SCHILLER'S MOTHER.
(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

tragedy which he conceived at the time under the title "The Christians."

In the beginning of the year 1773, Schiller entered the military school at Solitüde, which was transferred in 1775 to Stuttgart and

was enlarged by the addition of a medical faculty. Here he selected medicine as his specialty, but the spirit of the military academy was not congenial to him and if he had had his own way he would have left it.

In 1780 (in the middle of December) he was appointed physician and surgeon to a regiment of grenadiers at Stuttgart. Here he made the acquaintance of Frau Henriette von Wolzogen, who was the mother of Wilhelm von Wolzogen, his chum at the military academy.

While in Stuttgart, in 1781, Schiller roomed at the house of a

CHATEAU SOLITÜDE NEAR STUTTGART.

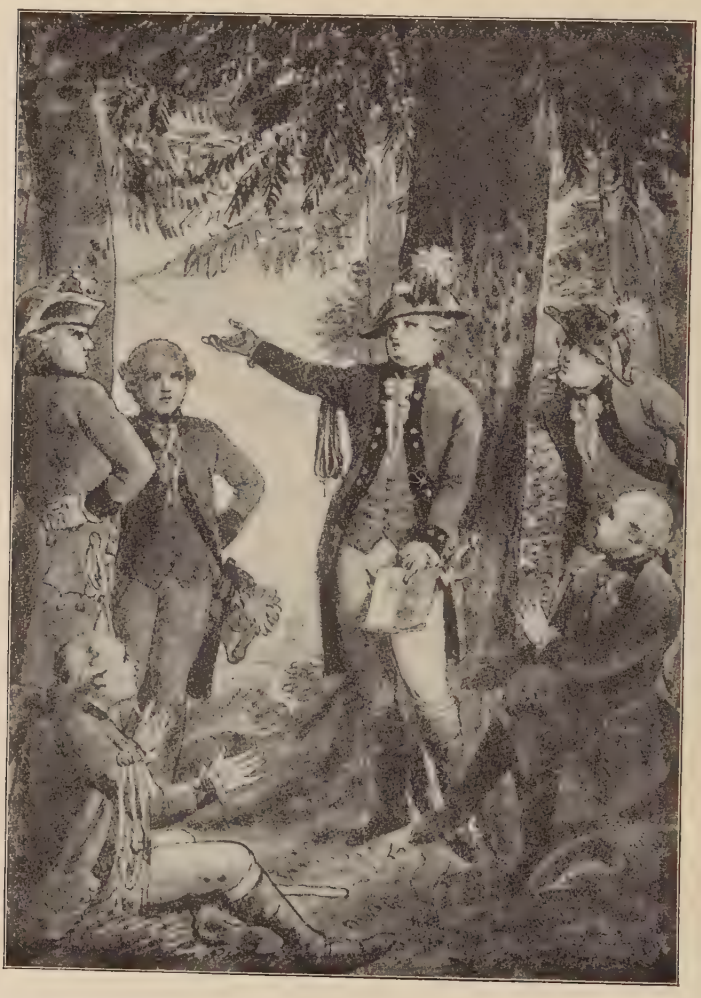
(After a painting by Viktor Heideloff.)

captain's widow, Frau Laura Vischer, to whom he addressed some of his still boyish lyrics expressing his first disappointments in love. The poems to Minna, Wilhelmina Andrëa, are perhaps an advance in taste and sentiment, but these early effusions possess merely historical value.

Though the young poet was only twenty-two years old, he finished "The Robbers," a stirring and impressive tragedy which was presented for the first time at Mannheim, January 13, 1782. In April of the same year he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine.

On May 25, Schiller left the garrison at Stuttgart without leave,

in order to visit director Dalberg of the Mannheim stage. Upon his return he was punished with fourteen days imprisonment, and when complaints had been made with reference to some objectionable passage in "The Robbers," Karl Eugen, Duke of Württem-



SCHILLER READING "THE ROBBERS" TO HIS FELLOW STUDENTS IN THE BOPSER WOODS.

berg, forbade him to pursue further his literary work, and ordered him strictly to cut off all connection with foreign countries (*Ausland*), referring to his visit at Mannheim in the neighboring duchy.

The critical incident in Schiller's life was his flight to Mannheim in the night of September 17, 1782,[2] in company with his

SCHILLER AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY F. KIRSCHNER.
(Made in 1782-83.)
The picture underneath the portrait is a representation of a scene from "The Robbers."

friend Streicher, a musician. Conditions in Stuttgart had become intolerable, and he felt that unless he surrendered all his ambitions

[2] Some authorities date this event on the night of September 22-23.

and ideals, he was obliged to take the risk of cutting loose from his home and his duke, who still ruled in the old-fashioned paternal way which involved too much interference with personal liberty.

SCHILLER IN HIS TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

However, Schiller was greatly disappointed in his immediate expectations. When he arrived at Mannheim, Dalberg received him

kindly and invited him to read his new drama "Fiesko" before the actors of his company. Unfortunately Schiller spoke the broad Swabian dialect and read scene after scene in an unabated pathetic monotone which made the context unintelligible. The curiosity with which the actors had received the young poet changed to indifference, and a general inattention resulted in the discontinuance of the recital. Many of those present doubted whether the young stranger was really the poet Schiller, and Dalberg himself was disappointed. But after Schiller had left, the director read the manuscript over and discerned that the fault had been in the reading and not in the drama itself. So he sent again for the author, who had

SILHOUETTE OF SCHILLER.
(Oldest portrait extant, probably 1772-72.)

become disheartened, and reassured him without, however, making definite arrangements.

In his extremity, the poet found some relief through the interest which a Mannheim publisher, Herr Schwan, took in the manuscript of "Fiesko." To him Schiller sold the right of publication for eleven *louis d'or*—just sufficient to pay his bill at the inn and for his immediate needs.

Schiller left for Frankfort in October of the same year (1782). He returned to Stuttgart *incognito,* for he was in danger of arrest because of his desertion, and lived nearby in Oggersheim under the

name of Dr. Schmidt. Here he recast "Fiesko" and worked out "Luise Millerin," (later on published under the title *Kabale und Liebe*), the plan of which had been conceived at Mannheim.

Being practically homeless, Schiller was cheered by an invitation tendered him by Frau von Wolzogen, offering him an asylum on her estate at Bauerbach, to which place he traveled in December

FRAU HENRIETTE VON WOLZOGEN.
(From an anonymous painting.)

under the name of Dr. Ritter. This estimable woman remained Schiller's motherly friend to the end of her life, August 5, 1788.

It was while he was staying at Bauerbach that he made the acquaintance of Reinwald, the librarian at Meiningen who was later

to become his brother-in-law. While there, he completed his drama "Luise Millerin" and began "Don Carlos."

During this same period Schiller conceived a warm attachment for the daughter of his hostess, Charlotte von Wolzogen, of whom he speaks as a "most beautiful, innocent, tender, and impressionable soul, fresh from the hands of the Creator," but we find that as

CHARLOTTE VON WOLZOGEN.
Afterwards Frau von Lilienstern. (From an anonymous painting.)

early as 1784 he had surrendered all thought of marriage with her. She was married four years later to August Franz Friedrich von Lilienstern, councilor at Hildburghausen, where she died September 20, 1794.

July 27, 1783, Schiller returned to Mannheim and accepted Dalberg's appointment as theatrical poet of the stage at Mannheim, promising to furnish "Fiesko," "Luise Millerin," and some additional plays.

Simultaneous with his sojourn at Mannheim is Schiller's interest for his publisher's daughter, Margareta Schwan, who later on, July 16, 1793, became the wife of Karl Friedrich Treffz, a lawyer of Heilbronn.

At Mannheim, in 1784, Schiller met also Charlotte von Lengefeld, who was destined to become his wife; but his first acquaintance with her was so superficial that at the time it produced no deep effect upon his mind.

Although he was financially hard pressed, Schiller had now

SCHILLER'S RESIDENCE AT BAUERBACH.

firmly and forever established his renown as a dramatic poet. On January 11, "Fiesko" was produced, and March 9, "Love and Intrigue" (*Kabale und Liebe*). In May he made the acquaintance of Frau Charlotte von Kalb who was visiting in Mannheim.

In order to popularize his ideas of dramatic poetry he originated a literary magazine, the *Rheinische Thalia*. Having traveled to Darmstadt, he met Karl August, Duke of Weimar, the wellknown patron and friend of Goethe, to whom he read the beginning of "Don Carlos," in recognition of which he received the title "Councilor."

In 1785 Schiller left Mannheim and took up his residence in

Saxony, where he stayed partly in Leipsic and Gohlis, partly in Dresden as a guest of the Körner family with whom he had been previously in correspondence.

The old councilor, Christian Gottfried Körner, was born July 2, 1756, at Leipsic. He studied jurisprudence in Göttingen and Leipsic and had been solicitor in the Consistory at Leipsic and Dresden. In 1790 he was transferred to the Court of Appeals, and in 1815 was called to Berlin on the State Council in the department of Church government.

It is well known that Schiller exercised a great influence upon

MARGARETA SCHWAN, AFTERWARDS FRAU TREFFZ.
(From a miniature.)

the Councilor's son, Karl Theodor Körner, the young poet, (born September 23, 1791,) whose promising career was cut short in the War of Liberation where he died on the field of battle at Gadebusch, August 20, 1813.

From Gohlis he proposed for the hand of Margareta Schwan, but her father refused without consulting his daughter's wishes on the plea that her character was not suited to Schiller.

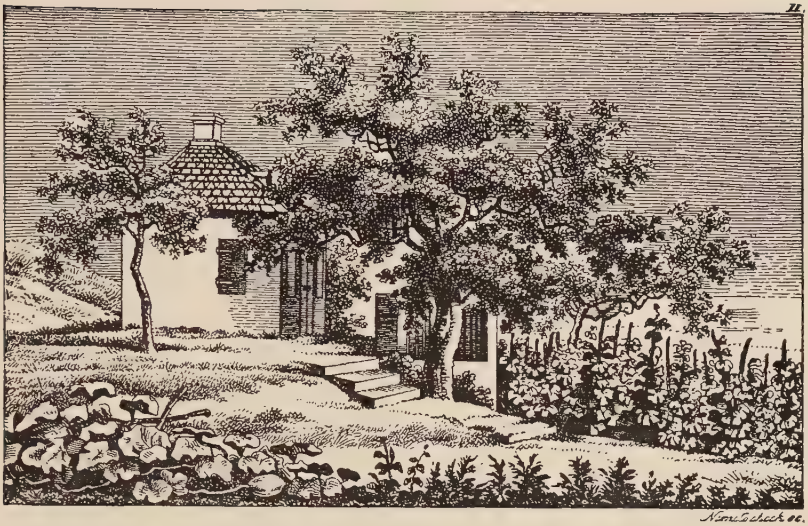
Schiller now began to consider seriously how he could settle in

life and earn a living. He planned to resume his practice as a physician. He stayed in Gohlis where he wrote his "Hymn to Joy" for the *Thalia* and further scenes of "Don Carlos." September 12 he took up his residence in the little vintage house of the Körner estate in the outskirts of Dresden, and in October he moved into town where he lived with his friend Huber at the home of the Fleischmann family opposite the Körner residence.

CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED KÖRNER.

In the winter of 1787 at a masked ball, Schiller met and became infatuated with Henriette von Arnim, a coquette whose influence was fortunately not of long duration. In July he visited Weimar. Goethe happened to be absent, but he met Herder and renewed his acquaintance with Frau von Kalb.

He continued to pursue his historical studies, preparing a work



PAVILION IN KÖRNER'S VINTAGE AT LOSCHWITZ, NEAR DRESDEN.

SCHILLER'S HOME IN GOHLIS NEAR LEIPSIC.

on the Dutch Rebellion, and about this time he wrote "The Gods of Greece."

SCHILLER IN 1786.
(Painted by Anton Graff, and engraved by J. G. Müller in 1794.)

He met Goethe for the first time at Rudolstadt on September 9. On his frequent visits to that little city he became more intimately

acquainted with the Lengefeld family to whom he had been introduced by his friend Wilhelm von Wolzogen. Mr. Lengefeld was the forester of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and his two daughters, Karoline and Charlotte, were distinguished for their grace and intellect.

At the request of Goethe, Schiller was appointed professor of

CHARLOTTE VON KALB.

(Painted in 1785 by F. Tischbein. Original in her home Chateau Waltershausen in Thuringia.)

history at the University of Jena, May 11, 1789, with an annual salary of two hundred thalers. His first lecture was on the subject,

"What means universal history, and to what purpose do we study it?"

On December 22, 1789, Schiller became engaged to Charlotte von Lengefeld (born November 22, 1766), and they were married on February 22 of the following year.

Charlotte's elder sister Karoline (born February 3, 1763,) had

KAROLINE VON LENGEFELD.
Afterwards Frau von Wolzogen.
(Enlarged from an ivory miniature.)

been Schiller's good friend and adviser. In 1780 she was married to Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig von Beulwitz, a member of the Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt Council; but later, having been divorced

from him in 1794, she was happily married to Wilhelm von Wolzogen, Schiller's life-long friend.

During the summer of 1790, Schiller lectured on the theory of tragedy and on the history of the Thirty Years' War.

CHARLOTTE VON SCHILLER.
(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

In February 1791 he had a serious illness; in March he began the study of Kant; in April he retired to Rudolstadt as a convales-

cent; in May he had a relapse which was so severe as to cause a rumor of his death (June 12). He spent June in Karlsbad whence he moved to Erfurt.

Karl August bestowed a donation upon him, while Duke Friedrich of Schleswig and Count Schimmelmann, the Premier of Denmark, granted him small annual pensions.

NANNETTE SCHILLER.
(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

In 1792 he visited Dresden again.

While sojourning in the capital of Saxony Schiller received the honorary citizenship of the French Republic under the name "Sieur Gille."

On September 14, 1793, while he and his wife were visiting his old home at Ludwigsburg, a son was born to them whom they named Karl Friedrich Ludwig.

In 1794, Schiller and Goethe began a lively correspondence

LUISE SCHILLER.
Afterwards Frau Frankh.
(From a miniature in water-color.)

which was continued until Schiller settled permanently in Weimar five years later.

The friendship between the two great poets was firmly cemented and they published together a periodical under the title *Die Horen,* the Greek name for the Seasons. It was in 1797, when attacks

from minor literary writers upon the two great poets became especially virulent, that Schiller and Goethe decided to open a general warfare upon their enemies in a series of sarcastic distichs which they called "Xenions," having in mind similar couplets written by Martial under this title.

The worst trials of Schiller's life were now over. He wrote "Ideals of Life," "The Walk," "The Lament of Ceres," etc.

A SATIRE ON THE XENIONS.

[This interesting drawing appeared in 1797 in the pamphlet entitled, *Trogalien zur Verdauung der Xenien* (Dessert for Digesting the Xenions). It represents the Xenions under the leadership of Schiller and Goethe, tearing down the Pillar of Decency, Morality, and Justice, while the gate-keeper refuses them admittance. Harlequin bears their standard with the inscription "Schiller & Co." Goethe, as a fawn, holds up a ribbon on which is the word "Zodiac" (*Thierkreis,* i. e., the circle of emblematic animals in the sky). It is to signify that he inaugurates a return to brute principles. Schiller is dressed as a driver in riding-boots with a lash in one hand and a bottle in the other. Both portraits are independent of any known picture of the two great poets, and must have been made from life by a skilled artist.]

July 11, 1796, his son Ernst Friedrich Wilhelm was born at Jena.

1796 to 1799 Schiller worked out his great trilogy "Wallenstein."

In 1797 to 1798 he composed ballads and philosophical poems.

October 5, 1799[3] his oldest daughter Karoline Henriette Luise was born.

The happiest time of Schiller's life was spent in the bosom of

SCHILLER IN WEIMAR.
BY W. LINDENSCHMIT.

his family at Weimar, where he enjoyed the friendship of the greatest literary men of his age; and a scene incorporating all these

[3] Authorities vary on the day of the month.

features of his domestic bliss has been painted by Lindenschmit, explained as follows by Mr. Erwin Foerster in an *edition de luxe* of Schiller paintings:

"Some of his happiest hours he enjoyed at Weimar where he moved to in 1799, on every Wednesday afternoon, when he, surrounded by his friends, could read to them whatever news the Muse had presented him with. It

CHRISTOPHINE SCHILLER.
Afterwards Frau Reinwald.

is such a meeting Lindenschmit preferred as a subject for his composition. Above Schiller, Musaeus is seen leaning over the balustrade. Carl August and Wilhelm v. Humboldt are approaching. Before them is a very attractive group of ladies. Corona Schroeter, the celebrated actress, is standing behind Frau von Laroche who had gained some renown in German literature, and

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whose acquaintance Schiller had already made when at Mannheim. On her left side Charlotte von Kalb is sitting, the reconciled friend of our poet; —a lady to whom he, during his first stay at Weimar, bore as tender a love as Goethe to Frau von Stein. This intimacy, however, was, undoubtedly to Schiller's advantage, interrupted by Charlotte von Lengefeld, who now, a kind hostess, is sitting at the table. Her head is lightly resting upon her arm; her eldest boy in her lap, whilst she looks with pride, mingled with

FRIEDRICH DUKE OF SCHLESWIG.
(After a painting by Graff.)

tender care, upon her husband. Upon her shoulder is her sister leaning, Frau von Wolzogen, in whose mother-in-law's house at Bauerbach Schiller met with the first friendly reception since his escape from Stuttgart. There is still another friend at the table, in the foreground, Frau von Egloffstein, a companion as spirited as she was amiable. It is to her the poet seems

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particularly to address his words, since he valued her judgment very highly. Between Schiller's wife and Laroche, Körner, the father of Theodor, has found a seat. He came frequently from Dresden to see his dearest friend. Behind him Herder and Goethe are standing."

Soon after the removal to Weimar, which took place December 1799, Schiller again fell sick and recovered slowly during the spring.

ERNST HEINRICH COUNT SCHIMMELMANN.
(After a painting by Paulsen.)

In July he began to write "The Maid of Orleans." In 1800 he finished "Maria Stuart." He translated "Macbeth," which in his version was produced May 14, 1800. In the same year the first volume of his poems appeared.

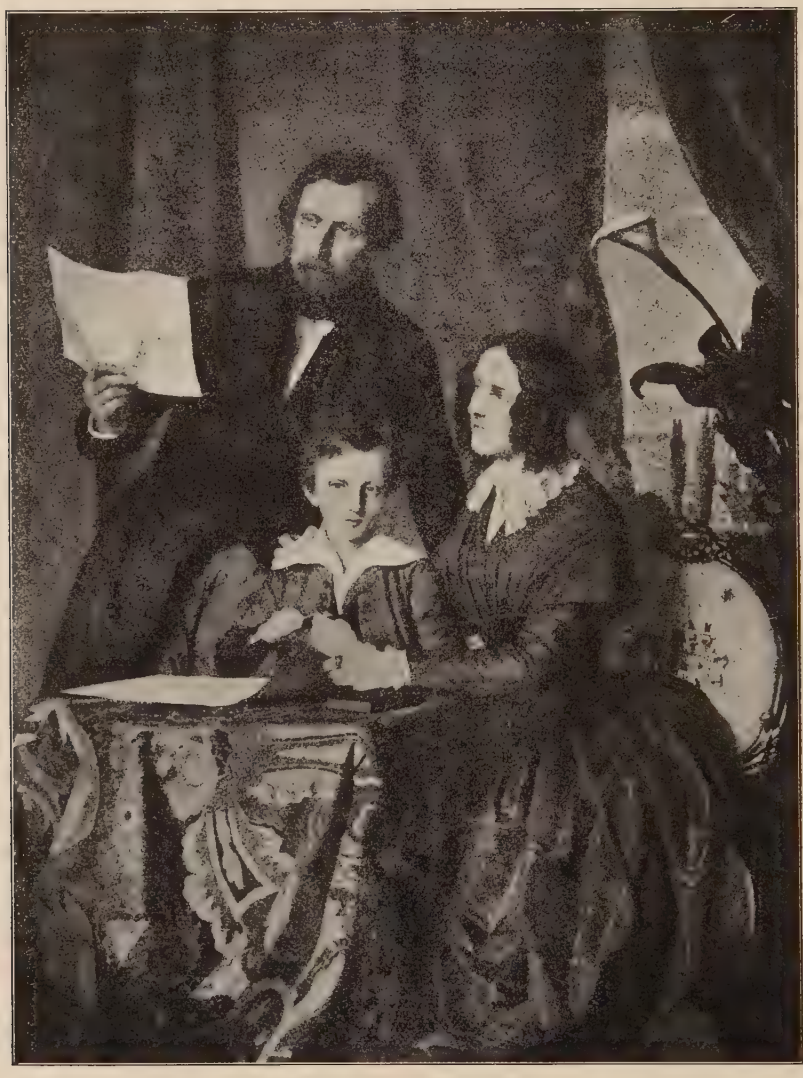
ERNST VON SCHILLER.

KAROLINE VON SCHILLER.

KARL VON SCHILLER.

ALEXANDER VON GLEICHEN-RUSSWURM.

In 1801 he completed "The Maid of Orleans" and began "The Bride of Messina."



ADELBERT VON GLEICHEN-RUSSWURM AND FAMILY.
(Schiller's daughter.)

In 1802 he wrote his poem "Cassandra" and adapted Gozzi's "Turandot," which was produced at Weimar.

September 7, 1802, he was knighted by the Duke, the coat of arms being a unicorn rampant in blue and gold.

The "Bride of Messina" was completed in 1803. In April 1803 he wrote the "Count of Hapsburg"; in May the "Feast of Victory," and in August he began his work on "Wilhelm Tell."

In February 1804 he completed "Wilhelm Tell" and began a new play "Demetrius," which, however, was never finished.

In July he caught a severe cold on a journey to Jena, where on the 25th of the month his daughter Emilie Henriette Luise was born. In December he began a translation of Racine's "Phædra," which remained incomplete. His cold became worse, and under disconnected continuance of his work his illness lingered with him, until he died suddenly May 9, 1805, at 5 P. M., at his home in Weimar. His wife survived him until July 9, 1826.

Emilie von Schiller, the poet's second daughter, was married to the Baron of Gleichen-Russwurm, and Alexander, the only son of her son Ludwig, and the present Baron of Gleichen-Russwurm, is Schiller's only surviving descendant since his daughter Karoline never married and both sons died without children.

CHARLOTTE VON SCHILLER.
(Probably 1784.)

We conclude this sketch with a description of Schiller's personality, mainly following Professor Brunner's notes on the subject which he collected from contemporary authorities.

Schiller was tall and almost lank. He measured 1.79 metres in height, five centimetres more than Goethe. His bearing was always upright and betrayed the military training he had received in his early youth. His face was distinguished without being beauti-

ful: the skin was delicate and covered with freckles; the mouth expressive; his lips were thin and the lower one somewhat protruding, which showed much energy when he was speaking; his chin was strong and full of character; his cheeks, however, were pale and somewhat sunken; his forehead was broad and evenly arched; his nose, prominent, but well-formed; his eyebrows were red and his eyes deep-set and of a dark gray color; his glance was firm and eagle-like. In discussion his eyes lighted up with enthu-

SCHILLER ON DONKEY.[4]

siasm, and his otherwise calm face seemed to indicate introspective thought, as if contemplating higher objects in his own soul. Yet when he looked at others it seemed to touch the very heart. His hair was blonde and almost yellow.

Schiller's voice was neither clear nor resonant but it was sympathetic, especially if he himself was in a state of emotion or tried

[4] This drawing is commonly ascribed to Schiller's friend Reinhart, and goes under the name "Schiller in Karlsbad, 1791"; but Theodore Distel shows its doubtful authorship and date, and points out that Schiller would scarcely have smoked in Karlsbad, and so proposes instead to consider it as "Schiller at Meiningen in 1787."

to convince others. He spoke the Swabian dialect and was never able to overcome it. Though his enunciation was poor, he loved to read his dramas and poems himself. He did not possess any skill in elocution, but his head and face were quite effective whenever he recited poetry. His forte was conversation. He understood very well how to interest people, and the flow of his words was almost uninterrupted, combining clearness of mind and a harmonious arrangement of ideas.

SCHILLER'S SUMMER HOME AT JENA.
(From a drawing made by Goethe in 1819.)

Whenever Schiller smiled it seemed to come from his very soul, and his laughter was as pleasant as a child's.

When at rest, his face always bore in later years a serious and even a suffering expression, due to his bodily ailments; but he suppressed complaints and preserved in his entire conduct, in spite of the disease to which he fell a premature prey, an amiable serenity.

SCHILLER, A PHILOSOPHICAL POET.

AGAIN and again has the question been raised whether philosophical or scientific poetry is possible, and upon the whole it has been answered in the negative. I beg to differ from the commonly accepted view and would say that poetry may invade any domain without ceasing to be poetry. The main difficulty of philosophical and scientific poetry lies in the restriction of the subject to an extremely limited public and that is the reason why philosophical poetry does not find the all but universal recognition of love songs.

The possibility of philosophical poetry is best proved by the fact of its existence, but the truth is that the general public has not become acquainted with it or knows it only from hearsay. The large masses will never read, much less appreciate, philosophical poems.

Philosophical poetry is like classical music; few are the connoisseurs that can really judge of its merits. In a certain sense we may call Beethoven the philosopher among composers. His sonatas, though breathing all the freedom of art, exhibit a logical consistency which makes them appear like revelations of the law that is shaping the world; yet, since they are expressed in chords and tone-figures, his compositions appeal directly to sentiment, and their truth is felt even when not fully understood—a fact which considerably widens the audience of the music philosopher. We must not expect such a music philosopher to be as popular as a ragtime composer, and for the same reason poems of philosophical significance will naturally find few admirers.

Philosophical poetry flourished in Germany in the classical period when its intellectual horizon was decked with a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude, such as Klopstock, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and Haydn.

In order to forestall any possible misinterpretation, we must first of all explain what we understand by poetry. Poetry is cer-

tainly not limited to meter and rhyme, and philosophical poetry is most assuredly not simply rhymed philosophy. Poetry is sentiment expressed in words, and so anything that effects sentiment can become a fit subject of poetry.

A mathematical theorem and its demonstration are prose. But if the mathematician is overwhelmed with the grandeur and wondrous harmony of geometrical forms, of the importance and universal application of mathematical maxims, or, of the mysterious simplicity of its manifold laws which are so self-evident and plain and at the same time so complicated and profound, he is touched by the poetry of his science; and if he but understands how to give expression to his feelings, the mathematician turns poet, drawing inspiration from the most abstract domain of scientific thought.

Why a mathematical or otherwise scientific poetry has not yet developed, is due simply to the fact that there are not enough mathematicians in the world to form an audience sufficiently large to make the man of poetical sentiments a real poet as the word is commonly understood; for the poet is made by the people, and public recognition is the true laurel wreath of any real poet laureate. Practically speaking, any one who has poetical sentiments is potentially a poet, and if he expresses his sentiments in words, he becomes in fact a poet to himself. However, a poet is known as one only when he voices such sentiments as will find an echo in the hearts of large multitudes that recognize in him the prophet who can find words for that which they themselves feel but vaguely. Thereby he becomes a poet in name as well as in fact.

Thus the main condition of a poet recognized in literature as great, depends not merely upon himself, but also upon the circumstances under which he writes. No poet can originate in a country where poetry is not appreciated. The poetical galaxy of the classical period of Germany was conditioned by the broad intellectual atmosphere which prevailed at that time, when the Teutons' fatherland was politically weak, but very strong intellectually, having its best intellect concentrated upon international and human ideals. It was an age of cosmopolitan aspirations.

All true poets are prophets both in the original sense of the word and in its commonly accepted significance. A prophet[5] is a preacher, one who propounds the law of the higher life, of the ideal. A prophet is, as the Hebrew calls him, a *nabi,* a revealer of truth, a messenger who speaks in behalf of the moral world-order, expounding the duties which it involves. Prophets are confronted

[5] προφήτης

with the same reality as their fellow creatures, but while other mortals see merely what is, prophets have the vision of what ought to be; and by comprehending the law of being, they actually can foresee the future.

When Amos, the shepherd of Tekoah, witnessed the tyranny of the powerful, the oppressiveness of the rich, and the debaucheries in which the whole people indulged at their national festivals, he saw at once the doom which this lack of discipline foreboded; and he raised a cry of alarm among the revelers at Bethel, prophesying the desolation that would follow in the wake of their feasts. He whose mind's eye is undimmed by passion can always see the curse that accompanies sin and self-indulgence.

Schiller was the prophet of the ideal, the revealer of the ought; and at the same time his sensitive nature made him understand the signs of the time, so as to render his poetry predicions of the nearest future. The barometer does not better predict the weather than did Schiller's dramas the great historical events of the age; and what is most remarkable is the exactness with which the German poet anticipated every change in the fate of the world in regular succession. Thus Schiller wrote "The Robbers" in 1780-1781, and the French revolution ensued, an outburst of the same spirit which pervaded this drama. In 1783 Schiller dramatized the story of the bold adventurer Fiesko, who took possession of the throne of Genoa, and Napoleon soon afterwards seized the government of France and placed the imperial crown upon his head. In 1791 Schiller wrote his famous trilogy "Wallenstein," and the succeeding years became a period of warfare which were paralleled in the history of Europe only in the campaigns of the great Duke of Friedland. Further on, in 1801, Schiller wrote "The Maid of Orleans," describing a foreign invasion and the heroic struggle for liberty, foreshadowing Napoleon's conquests and the national rebirth of Germany which ended in the final expulsion of the Corsican invader. "William Tell," Schiller's last work, written in 1804, is a noble prophecy of the eventual union of the German tribes which took place in much the same way as the Swiss formed their confederacy; for united Germany also was the result of a self-defence against the external danger of a common foe.

Schiller's anticipations of coming events must be startling to those who do not understand that the poet's nature by his very vision of the ideal will necessarily and naturally presage the future. And there was no one among all the prophets of the world who had a clearer and more philosophical grasp of the significance of the

ideal in its relation to the real than Schiller; and thus Schiller has become a religious prophet announcing a deeper conception of God as based upon the matured thought of the philosophy of his time.

We cannot understand Schiller's attitude in religion and philosophy without bearing in mind the influences which ancient Greece (and especially Plato) exercised upon his mind. His classical ideas, however, were matured through a study of Kant's philosophy, which taught him to distinguish clearly between the formal and the material, in that the formal, represented by the so-called Platonic ideas, is the most essential part of existence from which rise all our ideals, and which alone can lift us into a higher sphere of life.

Plato was the inventor of the conception of the ideal from which Philo, a Jewish philosopher of Alexandria, (20 B. C.—40 A. D.) developed the doctrine of "words"[6] which manifest themselves as virtues in the spiritual leaders of the world. Thus Abraham is said to be the educational virtue;[7] Isaac, the ingrained or natural virtue;[8] Jacob, the practical virtue;[9] Joseph, political virtue, as leading a life of political usefulness;[10] and Moses is the pattern of all virtues; he is the model and a unique manifestation of *the* word,[11] as the totality of all words.

Philo's logos doctrine contains the Christian views as expressed in the Fourth Gospel. It is a Platonic view that the logos is, as Philo says, "the archetypal model, the idea of ideas," but it is already a genuine Christian thought. When Philo speaks of "the word of the Supreme Being" as "the second Deity," and as "the image[12] of God, by whom all the world has been framed," he anticipates the Christology of the second century.

While the conception of the ideal is represented by Plato with a tinge of corporeality as if ideas were beings or things that existed somewhere in an unspacial space and an untemporal time, and while to Philo every logos is a force[13] performing work as we might think of light and electricity, or tools employed by the great architect of the world in his work of creation, Schiller conceives of the ideal realm as forms with the scientific clearness that is possessed only by the trained mathematician. The realm of the ideal is not anything material, nor is it dynamical; it is purely formal. Yet the formal is the most essential part of this material reality which is the world in which we live and move and have our being.

The purely formal is the relational, i. e., that which determines

[6] *λόγοι.* [7] *διδασκαλικὴ ἀρετή.* [8] *φυσικὴ ἀρετή.* [9] *ἀσκητικὴ ἀρετή.*
[10] *βίος πολιτικός.* [11] *ὁ λόγος.* [12] *εἰκών.* [13] *δύναμις.*

change of position, and is therefore called in Greek the causal or causative,[14] and is contrasted with the material.[15]

All our spiritual life depends upon the formal. Logic, arithmetic, yea, reason itself is nothing but a systematization of the purely formal aspect of things, and moral aspirations are but its application. Schiller was fully impressed with the significance of the domain of pure form, and so builds his philosophy upon the traditions of classical antiquity modified by Kantism.

The purely formal is not an idle illusion; it is the recognition of the eternal, the immutable, the absolute, the laws of which pervade the whole universe and determine the destiny of stars as well as of molecules, of nations and of every single individual not less than of mankind as a whole. Thus James Sime, compiler of the meagre sketch of Schiller's life in the Encyclopædia Britannica, is right in his terse characterization of the poet when he says:

"Schiller had a passionate faith in an eternal ideal world to which the human mind has access; and the contrast between ideals and what is called reality, he presents in many different forms."

This side of Schiller's poetry is little known among the English-speaking nations. Goethe's philosophy has become accessible through the excellent translations of several ingenious translators, men like Bayard Taylor and others. It appears that it is even more difficult to translate Schiller than Goethe. Schiller's verses sound like music; yet their language is simple, and a native German needs no effort to understand their meaning at once. It seems almost impossible to reproduce their elegant diction adequately.

The most important poem that sets forth Schiller's confession of faith in its philosophical foundation is his eulogy on "The Ideal and Life," the most significant verses of which are as follows:

"Smooth, and ever clear, and crystal-bright,
Flows existence zephyr-light,
In Olympus where the blest recline.
Moons revolve and ages pass away
But unchanged, 'mid ever-rife decay,
Bloom the roses of their youth divine.
Man has but a sad choice left him now,
Sensual joy and soul-repose between;
But upon the great Celestial's brow,
Wedded is their splendor seen.

"Wouldst thou here be like a deity,
In the realm of death be free,
Never seek to pluck its garden's fruit!

[14] τὸ αἰτιῶδες. [15] τὸ ὑλικόν.

On its beauty thou may'st feed thine eye;
Soon the impulse of desire will fly
And enjoyment's transient bliss pollute.
E'en the Styx that nine times flows around
Ceres' child's return could not delay;
But she grasped the apple—and was bound
Evermore by Orcus' sway.

"Yonder power whose tyranny we bemoan,
On our bodies has a claim alone.
Form is never bound by time's design.
She the gods' companion,[16] blest and bright
Liveth in eternal realms of light
'Mongst the deities, herself divine.
Wouldst thou on her pinions soar on high,
Throw away the earthly and its woe!
To the ideal realm for refuge fly
From this narrow life below."
(Translation by Bowring with the last stanza altered.)

[Ewigklar und spiegelrein und eben
Fliesst das zephyrleichte Leben
Im Olymp den Seligen dahin.
Monde wechseln, und Geschlechter fliehen;
Ihrer Götterjugend Rosen blühen
Wandellos im ewigen Ruin.
Zwischen Sinnenglück und Seelenfrieden
Bleibt dem Menschen nur die bange Wahl;
Auf der Stirn des hohen Uraniden
Leuchtet ihr vermählter Strahl.

Wollt ihr schon auf Erden Göttern gleichen,
Frei sein in des Todes Reichen,
Brechet nicht von seines Gartens Frucht!
An dem Scheine mag der Blick sich weiden;
Des Genusses wandelbare Freuden
Rächet schleunig der Begierde Flucht.
Selbst der Styx, der neunfach sie umwindet,
Wehrt die Rückkehr Ceres' Tochter nicht;
Nach dem Apfel greift sie, und es bindet
Ewig sie des Orkus Pflicht.

Nur der Körper eignet jenen Mächten,
Die das dunkle Schicksal flechten;
Aber frei von jeder Zeitgewalt,
Die Gespielin seliger Naturen,
Wandelt oben in des Lichtes Fluren
Göttlich unter Göttern die Gestalt.

[16] *Die Gespielin seeliger Naturen*, means the companion of the blessed ones, i. e., the gods, and not (as Mr. Bowring has it) "blissful Nature's playmate."

Wollt ihr hoch auf ihren Flügeln schweben,
Werft die Angst des Irdischen von euch!
Fliehet aus dem engen, dumpfen Leben
In des Ideales Reich!]

Schiller, utilizing the notions of Greek mythology, emphasizes in the thirteenth stanza the contrast of pure form with reality; the ideal life, with actual material existence:

"In yon region of pure forms,
Sunny land e'er free from storms,
Misery and sorrow cease to rave.
There our sufferings no more pierce the soul,
Tears of anguish there no longer roll,
Nought remains but mind's resistance brave.
Beauteous as the rainbow's colored hue,
Painted on the canvas of the cloud,
E'en on melancholy's mournful shroud
Rest reigns in empyrean blue."

[Aber in den heitern Regionen,
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen,
Rauscht des Jammers trüber Sturm nicht mehr.
Hier darf Schmerz die Seele nicht durchschneiden,
Keine Thräne fliesst hier mehr dem Leiden,
Nur des Geistes tapfrer Gegenwehr.
Lieblich, wie der Iris Farbenfeuer
Auf der Donnerwolke duft'gem Tau,
Schimmert durch der Wehmut düstern Schleier
Hier der Ruhe heitres Blau.]

The eternal ideals have found an appropriate representation in the mythology of Greece, while bodily existence is regarded as a vale of tears. Peace of soul exists alone in the realm of pure form; there no suffering exists; for what is painful struggle in real life, appears in the domain of the ideal merely as beauteous contrast. Schiller's description of the region of pure forms reminds us of St. John's Revelation, where we read: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Pure form is divine, while its bodily realization is mingled with that element that is of the earth earthy. Therefore the poet exhorts us, in the second stanza quoted above, not to lust after the fruit of sensuality; once bound by its spell, we are caught in the maelstrom of desire, leading to disgust, and the desire itself will leave us, which reminds one of Schopenhauer who declares that

life is an oscillation between wants and *ennui*. But that is not all. Schiller adds that enjoyment involves us in the doom of death,—an idea in which Greek views are strangely mixed with the resignation of the Buddhist. So long as we are able to discard all earthly sorrow, and seek refuge in the realm of the ideal, we need not fear death. Death is the fate of Eve who tasted the forbidden fruit of sensual desire, but death has no power over Proserpine, Ceres's daughter, the goddess of spring, whose return to life from the domain of Orcus, Styx cannot prevent. Schiller's version of the Proserpine myth (in which he follows some classical hints) indicates that the daughter of Ceres might have returned to life so long as she remained a goddess, a personification of an idea; but as soon as she partook of the pomegranate offered her by Pluto, she was bound to stay in Orcus.

It is peculiar to see how Schiller's views may be characterized at once as both Hellenic and as Buddhistic, and quotations will bear out these general characterizations.

In his famous poem "The Gods of Greece," he writes:

"Ye in the age gone by,
Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!—
And guided the steps of happy men
In the light leading-strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh, how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

"Then the soft veil of dreams
Round Truth poetic witching Fancies wreathed;
Through all creation overflowed the streams
Of life—and things now senseless, felt and breathed.
Man gifted Nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of Love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

"Where lifeless, fixed afar,
A flaming ball is to our senses given,
Phœbus Apollo, in his golden car,
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
Then lived the Dryads in yon forest trees;
Then o'er yon mountains did the Oread roam;
And from the urns of gentle Naïades
Welled the wave's silver foam.

"In the Elysian grove
The Shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:

The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the course the charioteer.

"More glorious than the meeds
To Labor choosing Virtue's path sublime,
The grand achievers of renownèd deeds
Up to the seats of Gods themselves could climb.

"Art thou, fair world, no more?
Return, thou virgin-bloom, on Nature's face
Ah, only on the Minstrel's magic shore,
Can we the footsteps of sweet Fable trace!
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft;
And where the image with such warmth was rife,
A shade alone is left!

"Cold, from the North, has gone
Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;
And, to enrich the worship of the One,
A Universe of Gods must pass away.
Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
But thee no more, Selene, there I see!
And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps.
No voice replies to me!

"Deaf to the joys she gives—
Blind to the pomp of which she is possessed—
Unconscious of the spiritual Power that lives
Around, and rules her—by our bliss unblessed—
Dull to the art that colors and creates,
Like the dead time-piece, godless NATURE creeps
Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weight,
The slavish motion keeps.

"To-morrow to receive
New life, she digs her proper grave to-day;
And icy moons with weary sameness weave
From their own light their fulness and decay.
Home to the Poet's Land the Gods are flown,
A later age in them small use discerns,
For now the world, its leading-strings outgrown,
On its own axle turns.

"Home! and with them are gone
The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard;
Life's Beauty and life's Melody:—alone
Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless Word.
Yet, rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng
Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish;

Ah, that which gains immortal life in Song,
To mortal life must perish!"

(Translation by Bulwer-Lytton.)

[Da ihr noch die schöne Welt regieret,
An der Freude leichtem Gängelband
Selige Geschlechter noch geführet,
Schöne Wesen aus dem Fabelland!
Ach, da euer Wonnedienst noch glänzte,
Wie ganz anders, anders war es da!
Da man deine Tempel noch bekränzte,
Venus Amathusia!

Da der Dichtung zauberische Hülle
Sich noch lieblich um die Wahrheit wand,—
Durch die Schöpfung floss da Lebensfülle,
Und was nie empfinden wird, empfand.
An der Liebe Busen sie zu drücken,
Gab man höhern Adel der Natur,
Alles wies den eingeweihten Blicken,
Alles eines Gottes Spur.

Wo jezt nur, wie unsre Weisen sagen,
Seelenlos ein Feuerball sich dreht,
Lenkte damals seinen goldnen Wagen
Helios in stiller Majestät.
Diese Höhen füllten Oreaden,
Eine Dryas lebt' in jenem Baum,
Aus den Urnen lieblicher Najaden
Sprang der Ströme Silberschaum.

Seine Freuden traf der frohe Schatten
In Elysiens Hainen wieder an,
Treue Liebe fand den treuen Gatten
Und der Wagenlenker seine Bahn.

Höhre Preise stärkten da den Ringer
Auf der Tugend arbeitvoller Bahn;
Grosser Thaten herrliche Vollbringer
Klimmten zu den Seligen hinan.

Schöne Welt, wo bist du?—Kehre wieder,
Holdes Blüthenalter der Natur!
Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder
Lebt noch deine fabelhafte Spur.
Ausgestorben trauert das Gefilde,
Keine Gottheit zeigt sich meinem Blick,
Ach, von jenem lebenwarmen Bilde
Blieb der Schatten nur zurück.

Alle jene Blüthen sind gefallen
Von des Nordes schauerlichem Wehn;
Einen zu bereichern unter allen,
Musste diese Götterwelt vergehn.
Traurig such' ich an dem Sternenbogen,
Dich, Selene, find' ich dort nicht mehr;
Durch die Wälder ruf' ich, durch die Wogen,
Ach! sie widerhallen leer!

Unbewusst der Freuden, die sie schenket,
Nie entzückt von ihrer Herrlichkeit,
Nie gewahr des Geistes, der sie lenket,
Sel'ger nie durch meine Seligkeit,
Fühllos selbst für ihres Künstlers Ehre,
Gleich dem toten Schlag der Pendeluhr,
Dient sie knechtisch dem Gesetz der Schwere,
Die entgötterte Natur.

Morgen wieder neu sich zu entbinden,
Wühlt sie heute sich ihr eignes Grab,
Und an ewig gleicher Spindel winden
Sich von selbst die Monde auf und ab.
Müssig kehrten zu dem Dichterlande
Heim die Götter, unnütz einer Welt,
Die, entwachsen ihrem Gängelbande,
Sich durch eignes Schweben hält.

Ja, sie kehrten heim, und alles Schöne,
Alles Hohe nahmen sie mit fort,
Alle Farben, alle Lebenstöne,
Und uns blieb nur das entseelte Wort.
Aus der Zeitflut weggerissen, schweben
Sie gerettet auf des Pindus Höhn;
Was unsterblich im Gesang soll leben,
Muss im Leben untergehn.]

Judging from the text of "The Gods of Greece" it would be inferred that Schiller is hostile to Christianity, but this is not the case. His love for Greek paganism only points out an aspect in the conception of the world, which orthodox Christianity in his time neglected. Schiller himself in a letter to Körner says with reference to "The Gods of Greece": "If I succeed in making out of the shortcomings of religion or ethics a beautiful and consistent whole, I have made a piece of art which is neither immoral nor impious, for the very reason that I took both, not as they are, but as they became after the forceful operation of their separation and new combination. The God whom I criticize in 'The Gods of Greece' is not the God of the philosophers nor the beneficent dream

of the multitudes, but he is one abortion out of many erroneous misshapen conceptions.... The gods of Greece as I represent them are only the beautiful qualities of Greek mythology comprehended in one general idea."

There is a truth in the polytheism of Greece which, philosophically expressed, would identify the gods with the eternal types of being commonly called Platonic ideas. In this ideal realm there is no sorrow, no grief, no pain, because everything material as well as everything sensual is excluded. It is thus as much contrasted with bodily existence as the Buddhist Nirvana is to the Samsara, the domain of birth and death, the eternal round of existence, the wheel of being.

The condition of Nirvana according to Buddha is the attainment of enlightenment which involves in its practical application the surrender of all clinging to the pleasures of sense, and obviously Schiller's view is to all practical purposes the same. The mental enjoyment of the artist, of the scientist, will be unimpaired so long as egotistic passions are not roused. This world of material reality is intrinsically a world of struggle, unrest, and suffering, and the ideals of peace including the aspiration of the true, the good, and the beautiful must be realized within our own soul. Schiller says:

> "To thy heart's still fane flee from the real;
> There take refuge from life's anxious throng.
> Freedom lives but in thy dream's ideal,
> And the beautiful blooms but in song."
>
> (Translation by P. C.)

> [In des Herzens heilig stille Räume
> Musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang!
> Freiheit ist nur in dem Reich der Träume,
> Und das Schöne blüht nur im Gesang.]

Schiller regards as grievously mistaken the well-intentioned idealist who believes that he can ever attain a final state of perfection, that he can realize the golden age on earth. The evils of life are not unlike the giant Antæus of the Greek myth. As soon as Herakles threw this son of Earth to the ground he rose stronger than before, because at each contact he received new strength from his mother. Hence it was only possible for the hero to conquer him by lifting him high in the air and keeping him at a distance from the source of his strength. Finally, Schiller believes that there is no finality to our search for truth, although the true exists and there is an obvious difference between truth and untruth. Mankind can never

have the fulness of truth in such a way that it can be formulated in the shape of a dogma. Whenever man has tried to do so, he soon held an empty formula while the spirit of the truth was lost. Thus the "three words of error" to Schiller are: belief in eternal peace, in which the good would no longer have to struggle; belief in the attainment of happiness, or an earthly reward of virtue; and a consummation of man's advance in the search for truth.

The idea that the realization of truth is rather a process than a dogma—a single statement summed up in a formula—and that much depends on the way in which we search for and reach the truth, is set forth in the impressive poem "The Veiled Image at Saïs," which was suggested to Schiller by a passage in Plutarch describing the statue of Isis in the temple of Saïs which bore the inscription reminding us of the definition of the name of Yahveh in the Old Testament: "I am who was and shall be."

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAÏS.

"A youth, athirst with hot desire for knowledge,
To Saïs came, intent to explore the dark
And hoarded wisdom of Egyptian priests.
Through many a grade of mystery, hurrying on,
Far, and more far, still pressed the inquiring soul,
And scarce the Hierophant could cool or calm
The studious fever of impatient toil.
'What,' he exclaimed, 'is worth a part of Truth?
What is my gain unless I gain the whole?
Hath knowledge, then, a lesser or a more?
Is this,—thy Truth,—like sensual gross enjoyment,
A sum doled out to each in all degrees,
Larger or smaller, multiplied or minished?
Is not TRUTH *one* and indivisible?
Take from the Harmony a single tone—
A single tint take from the Iris bow,
And lo! what once was all, is nothing—while
Fails to the lovely whole one tint or tone!'

"Now, while they thus conversed, they stood within
A lonely temple, circle-shaped, and still;
And, as the young man paused abrupt, his gaze
Upon a veil'd and giant IMAGE fell:
Amazed he turn'd unto his guide—'And what
Beneath the veil stands shrouded yonder?'
'TRUTH,'
Answered the Priest.
'And do I, then, for Truth
Strive, and alone? And is it now by this

Thin ceremonial robe that Truth is hid?
Wherefore?'
'That wherefore with the Goddess rests;
"Till I"—thus saith the Goddess—"lift this veil,
May it be raised by none of mortal-born!
He who with guilty and unhallowed hand
Too soon profanes the Holy and Forbidden—
He," says the Goddess'—
'Well?'
'"He—shall see Truth!"'
'A rare, strange oracle! And hast *thou* never
Lifted the veil?'
'No! nor desired to raise!'
'What! nor desired? Were *I* shut out from Truth
By this slight barrier'—'And Command divine,'
Broke on his speech the guide. 'Far weightier, son,
This airy gauze than thy conjectures deem—
Light to the touch—lead-heavy to the conscience!'

"The young man, thoughtful, turn'd him to his home,
And the fierce fever of the Wish to Know
Robb'd night of sleep. Upon his couch he roll'd;—
At midnight rose resolved. Unto the shrine

"Timorously stole the involuntary step,
And light the bound that scaled the holy wall.
And dauntless was the spring that bore within
That circle's solemn dome the daring man.

"Now halts he where the lifeless silence sleeps
In the embrace of mournful Solitude.
Silence unstirred,—save by the hollow echo
Answering his tread along mysterious vaults!
High from the opening of the dome above,
Came the wan shining of the silver moon.
And, awful as some pale presiding god,
Glistening adown the range of vaults obscure,
In its long veil concealed the Image stood.

"With an unsteady step he onward passed,
Already touched with violating hand
The Holy—and recoil'd! A shudder thrilled
His limbs, fire-hot and icy-cold by turns,
And an invisible arm did seem to pluck him
Back from the deed.—'O miserable man!
What would'st thou?' (Thus within the inmost heart
Murmured the warning whisper.) 'Wilt thou dare
The All-hallowed to profane? "May mortal-born
(So spake the oracle) not lift the veil
Till I myself shall raise!" Yet said it not,

The self-same oracle—"Who lifts the veil,
He shall see Truth?" Behind, be what there may,
I dare the hazard—I will lift the veil—'
Loud rang his shouting voice—'Truth I'll behold!'
'Hold!'—
A lengthened echo, mocking, answered back!
He spoke and raised the veil! And ask ye what
Unto the gaze was there to him revealed?
I know not. Pale and senseless, at the foot
Of the dread statue of Egyptian Isis,
The priests there found him at the dawn of day;
But what he saw, or what did there befall,
His lips disclosed not. Ever from his heart
Was fled the sweet serenity of life,
Deep anguish dug for him an early grave:
'Woe—woe to him'—such were his warning words,
Answering some curious and impetuous brain,
'Woe—for she never shall delight him more!
Woe—woe to him who treads through Guilt to Truth!'"

(Translation after Bulwer-Lytton.)

[Ein Jüngling, den des Wissens heisser Durst
Nach Sais in Aegypten trieb, der Priester
Geheime Weisheit zu erlernen, hatte
Schon manchen Grad mit schnellem Geist durcheilt;
Stets riss ihn seine Forschbegierde weiter,
Und kaum besänftigte der Hierophant
Den ungeduldig Strebenden. "Was hab' ich,
Wenn ich nicht alles habe?" sprach der Jüngling;
"Gibt's etwa hier ein Weniger und Mehr?
Ist deine Wahrheit, wie der Sinne Glück,
Nur eine Summe, die man grösser, kleiner
Besitzen kann und immer doch besitzt?
Ist sie nicht eine einz'ge, ungeteilte?
Nimm einen Ton aus einer Harmonie,
Nimm eine Farbe aus dem Regenbogen,
Und alles, was dir bleibt, ist nichts, so lang
Das schöne All der Töne fehlt und Farben."

Indem sie einst so sprachen, standen sie
In einer einsamen Rotonde still,
Wo ein verschleiert Bild von Riesengrösse
Dem Jüngling in die Augen fiel. Verwundert
Blickt er den Führer an und spricht: "Was ist's,
Das hinter diesem Schleier sich verbirgt?"—
"Die Wahrheit," ist die Antwort—"Wie?" ruft jener,
"Nach Wahrheit streb' ich ja allein, und diese
Gerade ist es, die man mir verhüllt?"

"Das mache mit der Gottheit aus," versetzt
Der Hierophant. "Kein Sterblicher, sagt sie,
Rückt diesen Schleier, bis ich selbst ihn hebe.
Und wer mit ungeweihter, schuld'ger Hand
Den heiligen, verbotnen früher hebt,
Der, spricht die Gottheit"—"Nun?"—"Der sieht die Wahrheit."—
"Ein seltsamer Orakelspruch! Du selbst,
Du hättest also niemals ihn gehoben?"—
"Ich? Wahrlich nicht! Und war auch nie dazu
Versucht."—"Das fass' ich nicht. Wenn von der Wahrheit
Nur diese dünne Scheidewand mich trennte"—
"Und ein Gesetz," fällt ihm sein Führer ein.
"Gewichtiger, mein Sohn, als du es meinst,
Ist dieser dünne Flor—für deine Hand
Zwar leicht, doch zentnerschwer für dein Gewissen."

Der Jüngling ging gedankenvoll nach Hause;
Ihm raubt des Wissens brennende Begier
Den Schlaf, er wälzt sich glühend auf dem Lager
Und rafft sich auf um Mitternacht. Zum Tempel
Führt unfreiwillig ihn der scheue Tritt.
Leicht ward es ihm, die Mauer zu ersteigen,
Und mitten in das Innre der Rotonde
Trägt ein beherzter Sprung den Wagenden.

Hier steht er nun, und grauenvoll umfängt
Den Einsamen die lebenlose Stille,
Die nur der Tritte hohler Widerhall
In den geheimen Grüften unterbricht.
Von oben durch der Kuppel Oeffnung wirft
Der Mond den bleichen, silberblauen Schein,
Und furchtbar, wie ein gegenwärt'ger Gott,
Erglänzt durch des Gewölbes Finsternisse
In ihrem langen Schleier die Gestalt.

Er tritt hinan mit ungewissem Schritt:
Schon will die freche Hand das Heilige berühren,
Da zuckt es heiss und kühl durch sein Gebein
Und stösst ihn weg mit unsichtbarem Arm.
Unglücklicher, was willst du thun? so ruft
In seinem Innern eine treue Stimme.
Versuchen den Allheiligen willst du?
Kein Sterblicher, sprach des Orakels Mund
Rückt diesen Schleier, bis ich selbst ihn hebe.
Doch setzte nicht derselbe Mund hinzu:
Wer diesen Schleier hebt, soll Wahrheit schauen?
"Sei hinter ihm, was will! Ich heb' ihn auf."
Er ruft's mit lauter Stimm': "Ich will sie schauen."
Schauen!
Gellt ihm ein langes Echo spottend nach.

Er spricht's und hat den Schleier aufgedeckt.
"Nun," fragt ihr, "und was zeigte sich ihm hier?"
Ich weiss es nicht. Besinnungslos und bleich,
So fanden ihn am andern Tag die Priester
Am Fussgestell der Isis ausgestreckt.
Was er allda gesehen und erfahren,
Hat seine Zunge nie bekannt. Auf ewig
War seines Lebens Heiterkeit dahin,
Ihn riss ein tiefer Gram zum frühen Grabe.
"Weh dem," dies war sein warnungsvolles Wort,
Wenn ungestüme Frager in ihn drangen,
"Weh dem, der zu der Wahrheit geht durch Schuld:
Sie wird ihm nimmermehr erfreulich sein."

As might be expected, Schiller's view of immortality is also idealized by Greek mythology. He hated the representation of death as a skeleton with all the terrors and repulsive horrors of decay. In "The Gods of Greece" he protests against the prevalent view of death, praising the Greek conception of the genius of the inverted torch and alluding to the Thracian legend of Orpheus which had become current in classical Greece, evincing the victory of music, the ideal, over the infernal powers.

"Before the bed of death
No ghastly specter stood;—but from the porch
Of the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath,
And a mute Genius gently lowered his torch.
The judgment balance of the realms below,
A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held;
The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,
Were moved and music-spelled."

(Translation by Bulwer-Lytton.)

[Damals trat kein grässliches Gerippe
Vor das Bett des Sterbenden. Ein Kuss
Nahm das letzte Leben von der Lippe,
Seine Fackel senkt' ein Genius.
Selbst des Orkus strenge Richterwage
Hielt der Enkel einer Sterblichen,
Und des Thrakers seelenvolle Klage
Rührte die Erinnyen.]

There is a connection between the living and the dead which is symbolized in plant life, and this simile is used in the New Testament by Paul (1 Cor. xv, 36) and also in the Gospel of St. John (John xii, 24) where Jesus says: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." For this idea the author of the fourth Gospel

and Paul are supposed to be indebted to Orphic mysteries. The resurrection of nature in spring symbolizes the continued soul life of man after death. This is also expressed in the great classical hymn to Demeter (or as she is called with her Latinized name, Ceres) a poem which has been retold by Schiller in his two poems "The Complaint of Ceres" and "The Eleusinian Festival." The significance of plant life is expressed as follows:[17]

"Is there naught of her—no token
And no pledge from her loved hand,
Proving love to be unbroken,
Howsoever far the land?
Can no loving bond be spread,
That will child to mother bind?
Can between the quick and dead
Hope no blest communion find?
No! not every bond is riven,
Separation not complete;
The eternal powers have given
Us a symbol language sweet.

"Spring's fair children pass away,
In the Northland's icy air;
Leaf and flower alike decay,
Leaving withered branches bare.
But I choose life's noblest glow
From Vertumnus' lavish horn;
As a gift to Styx below
Will I send the golden corn!
Sad in earth the seeds I lay
At thy heart, my child, to be
Mournful tokens which convey
My deep grief and love to thee!

"When the seasons' measured dances
Happy smiles of earth restore,
In the sun's reviving glances
What was dead will live once more!
Germs that perished to thine eyes
In the dreary lap of earth
Bloom again in gentler skies,
Brighter for the second birth!
While its roots in night repose;
Heaven will raise the stem above;
Thus the plant between them grows
Nursed by Styx' and Æther's love.

"Partly plants with Hades sleep,
Partly live in life's fair beams;
Heralds are they from the deep,
Messengers from solemn streams.
Like my child, the dismal tomb
Will them for a while retain;
But anon their tender bloom
Spring sends forth to light again,
Telling that where shadows meet,
Though so far from light above,
Hearts remain that faithful beat,
Hades doth not conquer love.

"Hail! ye children of the field,
Whom each coming year renews!
Your sweet cups shall richly yield
Heaven's purest nectar-dews.
Steeped in light's resplendent streams,
Hues that streak the Iris-bow
Deck your blossoms with the beams
Which in morning twilight glow.
Budding life of happy spring,
Yellow autumn's faded leaf,
Shall to hearts in sorrow bring
Symbols of my joy and grief."

(Translation after Bulwer-Lytton.)

[Ist mir nichts von ihr geblieben?
Nicht ein süss erinnernd Pfand,
Dass die Fernen sich noch lieben,
Keine Spur der teuren Hand?
Knüpfet sich kein Liebesknoten
Zwischen Kind und Mutter an?
Zwischen Lebenden und Toten
Ist kein Bündnis aufgethan?
Nein, nicht ganz ist sie entflohen!
Nein, wir sind nicht ganz getrennt!
Haben uns die ewig Hohen
Eine Sprache doch vergönnt!

[17] "Complaint of Ceres," verses 7-11.

Wenn des Frühlings Kinder sterben,
Wenn von Nordes kaltem Hauch
Blatt und Blume sich entfärben,
Traurig steht der nackte Strauch,
Nehm' ich mir das höchste Leben
Aus Vertumnus' reichem Horn,
Opfernd es dem Styx zu geben,
Mir des Samens goldnes Korn.
Trauernd senk' ich's in die Erde,
Leg' es an des Kindes Herz,
Dass es eine Sprache werde
Meiner Liebe, meinem Schmerz.

Führt der gleiche Tanz der Horen
Freudig nun den Lenz zurück,
Wird das Tote neu geboren
Von der Sonne Lebensblick.
Keime, die dem Auge starben
In der Erde kaltem Schoss,
In das heitre Reich der Farben
Ringen sie sich freudig los.
Wenn der Stamm zum Himmel eilet,
Sucht die Wurzel scheu die Nacht;
Gleich in ihre Pflege teilet
Sich des Styx, des Aethers Macht.

Halb berühren sie der Toten,
Halb der Lebenden Gebiet;
Ach, sie sind mir teure Boten,
Süsse Stimmen vom Cocyt!
Hält er gleich sie selbst verschlossen
In dem schauervollen Schlund,
Aus des Frühlings jungen Sprossen
Redet mir der holde Mund,
Dass auch fern vom goldnen Tage,
Wo die Schatten traurig ziehn,
Liebend noch der Busen schlage,
Zärtlich noch die Herzen glühn.

O, so lasst euch froh begrüssen,
Kinder der verjüngten Au!
Euer Kelch soll überfliessen
Von des Nektars reinstem Tau.
Tauchen will ich euch in Strahlen,
Mit der Iris schönstem Licht
Will ich eure Blätter malen,
Gleich Aurorens Angesicht.
In des Lenzes heiterm Glanze
Lese jede zarte Brust,
In des Herbstes welkem Kranze
Meinen Schmerz und meine Lust.]

In "The Eleusinian Festival" Schiller describes the Greek conception of human civilization as based upon a love of freedom regulated by self-control and moral restraint. Having established agriculture and built the polity of communal life, Demeter says:

"Freedom's love the beast inflameth,
And the God rules free in air,
While the law of Nature tameth
Each wild lust that lingers there.
Yet, when thus together thrown,
Man with man must fain unite;
And by his own worth alone
Can he freedom gain and might."

(Translation by Bowring.)

[Freiheit liebt das Tier der Wüste,
Frei im Aether herrscht der Gott,
Ihrer Brust gewalt'ge Lüste
Zähmet das Naturgebot;
Doch der Mensch in ihrer Mitte
Soll sich an den Menschen reihn,
Und allein durch seine Sitte
Kann er frei und mächtig sein.]

We see that Schiller indeed was not merely a poet but a philosopher. His philosophy, however, agreed very little with the verbiage and cant of the schools that posed before the world as holding in their abstract philosophy the key to the explanation of the universe. Metaphysics, according to Kantian terminology, deals with purely formal notions of science, and the purely formal as Kant expresses it, is empty as such. Thus it allows us a survey over the sciences and the whole field of experience. It sums up generalizations, which, although in themselves mere tautologies, help us to arrange our scientific material in a systematic way. How ridiculous, then, is the metaphysician whose philosophy is a mere air castle and who forgets that it should serve the practical purpose of survey. Schiller satirizes wiseacres of this type in the following lines:

"'How deep the world beneath me lies!
My craft the loftiest of all
Lifts me so high, so near the skies
I scarce discern the people crawl.'

"Thus shouts Tom Roofer from his spire,
Thus in his study speaks with weight
Metaphysicus, the learned sire,
That little man, so high, so great.

"That spire, my friend, proud and profound,
Of what is't built, and on what ground?
How came you up? What more is't worth,
Than to look down upon the earth?"

(Translation by P. C.)

["Wie tief liegt unter mir die Welt!
Kaum seh' ich noch die Menschlein unten wallen!
Wie trägt mich meine Kunst, die höchste unter allen,
So nahe an des Himmels Zelt!"
So ruft von seines Turmes Dache
Der Schieferdecker, so der kleine grosse Mann,
Hans Metaphysikus, in seinem Schreibgemache.
Sag' an, du kleiner grosser Mann,
Der Turm, von dem dein Blick so vornehm niederschauet,
Wovon ist er—worauf ist er erbauet?
Wie kamst du selbst hinauf—und seine kahlen Höhn,
Wozu sind sie dir nütz, als in das Thal zu sehn?]

In another poem of the same significance entitled "Philosophers," Schiller ridicules those theorists who misunderstand the part their philosophies play in life, which is not to direct the world

but to explain it. Philosophers need not worry about the universe for that will take care of itself, and until their wisdom can discover a method of changing matters, the world will continue to run according to the old principles—it will still be swayed by hunger and love.

"To learn what gives to everything
The form which we survey,
The law by which th'Eternal King
Moves all creation's ordered ring,
And keeps it in right sway—
Who answer gives without disguise,
He is the wisest of the wise.
The secret I'll betray,
'Ten is not twelve,' I say.

"The snow is chill, the fire burns,
Men bipeds are; a fool
The sun up in the sky discerns:
This, man through sense-experience learns
Without attending school!
But Metaphysics, I am told,
Declares that hot is never cold;
Dryness, not moist; and light
Is never dark but bright.

"Homer had writ his mighty song,
Heroes did danger scorn,
The good had done their duty, long
Before (and who shall say I'm wrong?)
Philosophers were born!
Yet let but some great heart or mind
Perform great deeds, some sage will find
The reason why: He'll show
That this thing could be so.

"Might claims its right. That's true always,
And weaklings strength o'erpowers.
He who cannot command obeys—
In short, there's not too much to praise
On this poor earth of ours.
But how things better might be done,
If sages had this world begun,
Is plainly, you must own,
In moral systems shown.

"'Man needs mankind, must be confessed,
His labors to fulfill;
Must work, or with, or for, the rest.
'Tis drops that swell the ocean's breast,
'Tis water turns the mill.
The savage life for man unfit is,
So take a wife and live in cities.'
In universities
Maxims are taught like these.

"Yet, since what grave professors teach
The crowd is rarely knowing,
Meanwhile, old Nature looks to each,
Tinkers the chain, and mends the breach,
And keeps the clockwork going.
Some day, philosophy, no doubt,
A better world will bring about.
Till then the world will move
By hunger and by love!"

(Translation after Bulwer-Lytton.)

[Der Satz, durch welchen alles Ding
Bestand und Form empfangen,
Der Nagel, woran Zeus den Ring
Der Welt, die sonst in Scherben ging,
Vorsichtig aufgehangen,
Den nenn' ich einen grossen Geist,
Der mir ergründet, wie er heisst,
Wenn ich ihm nicht drauf helfe—
Er heisst: Zehn ist nicht Zwölfe.

Der Schnee macht kalt, das Feuer brennt,
Der Mensch geht auf zwei Füssen.

Die Sonne scheint am Firmament,
Das kann, wer auch nicht Logik
kennt,
Durch seine Sinne wissen.
Doch wer Metaphysik studiert,
Der weiss, dass, wer verbrennt, nicht
friert,
Weiss, dass das Nasse feuchtet
Und dass das Helle leuchtet.

Homerus singt sein Hochgedicht,
Der Held besteht Gefahren;
Der brave Mann thut seine Pflicht
Und that sie, ich verhehl' es nicht,
Eh' noch Weltweise waren;
Doch hat Genie und Herz vollbracht,
Was Lock' und Des Cartes nie ge-
dacht,
Sogleich wird auch von diesen
Die Möglichkeit bewiesen.

Im Leben gilt der Stärke Recht,
Dem Schwachen trotzt der Kühne,
Wer nicht gebieten kann, ist Knecht;
Sonst geht es ganz erträglich schlecht
Auf dieser Erdenbühne.
Doch wie es wäre, fing der Plan
Der Welt nur erst von vornen an,
Ist in Moralsystemen
Ausführlich zu vernehmen.

"Der Mensch bedarf des Menschen
sehr
Zu seinem grossen Ziele:
Nur in dem Ganzen wirket er,
Viel Tropfen geben erst das Meer,
Viel Wasser treibt die Mühle.
Drum flieht der wilden Wölfe Stand
Und knüpft des Staates dauernd
Band."
So lehren vom Katheder
Herr Puffendorf und Feder.

Doch weil, was ein Professor
spricht,
Nicht gleich zu Allen dringet,
So übt Natur die Mutterpflicht
Und sorgt, dass nie die Kette bricht
Und dass der Reif nie springet.
Einstweilen, bis den Bau der Welt
Philosophie zusammenhält,
Erhält sie das Getriebe
Durch Hunger und durch Liebe.]

And what is the ethics to which Schiller's philosophy leads? Schiller says:

"Man before the law feels base,
Humbled and in deep disgrace.
Guilt e'en to the holy ones draws nigh.
Virtue pales before the rays of truth.
From the ideal every deed, forsooth,
Must in shame and in confusion fly.
None created e'er surmounted this,
Neither a bridge's span can bear,
Nor a boat o'er that abyss,
And no anchor catches there.

"But by flying from the sense-confined
To the freedom of the mind,
Every dream of fear thou'lt find thence flown,
And the endless depth itself will fill.
If thou tak'st the Godhead in thy will,
It no longer sits upon its throne.[18]

[18] Schiller's expressions that "God descends from his throne" and "abdicates his sovereignty," have been misunderstood by Mr. Bowring. The phrase "*steigt von*" is a German idiom which means "descends" and not "rises upwards from." He translates:

(The Godhead)
"Will soar upwards from its earthly throne."

Servile minds alone will feel its sway
When of the law they scorn the rod,
For with man's resistance dies away
E'en the sovereignty of God."

[Wenn ihr in der Menschheit traur'ger Blösse
Steht vor des Gesetzes Grösse,
Wenn dem Heiligen die Schuld sich naht,
Da erblasse vor der Wahrheit Strahle
Eure Tugend, vor dem Ideale
Fliehe mutlos die beschämte That.
Kein Erschaffner hat dies Ziel erflogen;
Ueber diesen grauenvollen Schlund
Trägt kein Nachen, keiner Brücke Bogen,
Und kein Anker findet Grund.

Aber flüchtet aus der Sinne Schranken
In die Freiheit der Gedanken,
Und die Furchterscheinung ist entflohn,
Und der ew'ge Abgrund wird sich füllen;
Nehmt die Gottheit auf in euren Willen,
Und sie steigt von ihrem Weltenthron.
Des Gesetzes strenge Fessel bindet
Nur den Sklavensinn, der es verschmäht;
Mit des Menschen Widerstand verschwindet
Auch des Gottes Majestät.]

This is an ethics both of modesty and of moral endeavor: modesty recognizing man's limitations and insufficiencies; and moral endeavor which appreciates man's dignity and sets before him a high aim. Since the ideal can never be attained in its purity, even the holy man is not free from guilt, and absolute perfection can never be realized. Nevertheless, the ideal is not a beyond; it is an immanent presence which can find its incarnation in man. And the ideal ceases to appear as an implacable condemnation of our shortcomings as soon as it dominates our entire being. He whose will is determined by the ideal, can say of God, "I and the Father are one." God is no longer above, but within him. Says Schiller:

"Nehmt die Gottheit auf in euren Willen,
Und sie steigt von ihrem Weltenthron."

When man becomes divine, the God-man appears and God abdicates his throne. This is Schiller's Christology, which looks very much like outspoken atheism, but it is the same atheism for which Socrates drank the hemlock. It is the same blasphemy for which Christ was crucified. It is an expression of that moral endeavor which renders man divine and gives rise to the ideal of the God-man.

In the same sense that permeates these lines of his poem "The Ideal and Life," Schiller expresses himself in his "Words of Faith," which contain his poetical formulation of Kant's postulates of Freedom, Virtue, and God. Schiller says:

"Three words I proclaim, important and rare,
From mouth unto mouth they fly ever,
The heart to their truth will witness bear,
Through the senses you'll prove them never.[19]
Man will no longer his worth retain,
Unless these words of faith remain.

"For LIBERTY man is created; he's free,
Though fetters around him be clinking.
Let the cry of the mob never terrify thee,
Nor the scorn of the dullard unthinking!
Beware of the slave when he breaks from his chain,[20]
But fear not the free who their freedom maintain.

"And VIRTUE is more than an empty sound,
It can in each life be made real.
Man often may stumble, before it be found,
Still, he can obtain this ideal.
And that which the learned in their learning ne'er knew,
Can be practised by hearts that are childlike and true.

"And a GOD, too, there is, a purpose sublime,
Though frail may be human endeavor.
High over the regions of space and of time
One idea supreme rules forever.
While all things are shifting and tempest pressed,
Yet the spirit pervading the change is at rest.

"Preserve these three words, important and rare,
Let them fly from mouth to mouth ever,
Your heart to their truth will witness bear,
Though the senses will prove them never.
Man will forever his worth retain,
While these three words of faith remain."

(Translation after Bowring.)

[Drei Worte nenn' ich euch, inhaltschwer,
Sie gehen von Munde zu Munde,
Doch stammen sie nicht von aussen her;

[19] Schiller has here in mind the contrast made by Kant between sensation rising from the outside and thought, having its roots in the pure forms of our mind. Schiller means to say that the three ideas, "freedom (i. e., moral responsibility) virtue, and God," are not sense-given.

[20] While Schiller says, "the slave must be feared when he frees himself, not the free man," Bowring translates, "Fear not the bold slave, nor the free man."

Das Herz nur gibt davon Kunde.
Dem Menschen ist aller Wert geraubt,
Wenn er nicht mehr an die drei Worte glaubt.

Der Mensch ist frei geschaffen, ist frei,
Und würd' er in Ketten geboren,
Lasst euch nicht irren des Pöbels Geschrei,
Nicht den Missbrauch rasender Thoren!
Vor dem Sklaven, wenn er die Kette bricht,
Vor dem freien Menschen erzittert nicht!

Und die Tugend, sie ist kein leerer Schall,
Der Mensch kann sie üben im Leben,
Und sollt er auch straucheln überall,
Er kann nach der göttlichen streben,
Und was kein Verstand der Verständigen sieht,
Das übet in Einfalt ein kindlich Gemüth.

Und ein Gott ist, ein heiliger Wille lebt,
Wie auch der menschliche wanke;
Hoch über der Zeit und dem Raume webt
Lebendig der höchste Gedanke,
Und ob alles in ewigem Wechsel kreist,
Es beharret im Wechsel ein ruhiger Geist.

Die drei Worte bewahret euch, inhaltschwer,
Die pflanzet von Munde zu Munde,
Und stammen sie gleich nicht von aussen her,
Euer Innres gibt davon Kunde.
Dem Menschen ist nimmer sein Wert geraubt,
So lang er noch an die drei Worte glaubt.]

When Schiller speaks of God as "a purpose sublime," literally, "a holy will," "*ein heiliger Wille,*" and as "the idea supreme," "*der höchste Gedanke*"; and when he contrasts God with the restlessness of the world, stating that "a spirit of rest pervades all change," *Es beharret im Wechsel ein ruhiger Geist,* we do not believe that these expressions were framed under strain of versification. They must, in our opinion, be regarded as carefully worded definitions which are the matured product of the poet's thought, and considering their deep significance, we make bold to claim Schiller (not less than Goethe) as one of the most clear-sighted prophets of the modern world-conception which recognizes in science a true revelation of God.

The reader who has followed us thus far, can very well understand that in narrow church circles which in Schiller's time had monopolized religion, his convictions were not deemed orthodox.

He has frequently been decried as an infidel, a pagan, and an enemy to Christianity, but later generations have rendered a more impartial and calmer judgment. The present view has been well stated by Professor Carruth in his essay "Schiller's Religion."[21] It is a collection of pertinent passages especially in Schiller's correspondence. He sums up his views as follows:

"Schiller rejected practically the whole theological system of the Church as he understood it, and, very explicitly:

"All impeachments of the law-full-ness of the Universe, including Special Revelation, the inspiration and peculiar authority of the Bible, the exceptional divinity of Jesus, his miraculous origin and deeds, and especial providences.

"He distrusted religious organizations of all kinds, fearing their tendency to fetter the human spirit, whereas he found the very life of the spirit to consist in the liberty to discover and assimilate the will of God. Hence he avoided and to some extent antagonized the hierarchy, the clergy, public worship, and all rites and ceremonies.

"And from these sources, supported by the evidence of his poems and dramas, we will find his religious sentiment, far from being simply negative, was deep and reverent and sincere. The one simple couplet, *Mein Glaube,* shows why he stood apart from the religious organizations of his day. And while the poet's reverent spirit shunned the formulation of a credo, the foregoing extracts from his writings afford ample basis for declaring that he held the following beliefs in a more or less positive way:

"He believed steadfastly, with no more hesitation and intermission than many a patriarch and saint, in one All-good, All-wise, All-knowing, Loving Power, immanent in the Universe, and especially in man.

"He believed in Virtue supremely and trusted the Inner Voice, its monitor, holding virtue to be the harmonious adaptation of the individual's will to the will of God as revealed in the laws and history of the universe and in the heart of man.

"He believed with a strong faith in Immortality, wavering sometimes as to the persistence of the individual consciousness, and rejecting all attempts to locate and condition the future state.

"He believed in the Brotherhood of man, and trusted man as the image of God on earth.

"He recognized the greatness of Jesus of Nazareth and revered his ethics and his life.

[21] *The Open Court,* Vol. XIX, pp. 321-336.

"He recognized the immense service to mankind of the Christian religion.

"He was intensely reverent toward all that was good and beautiful, and worshiped sincerely in his own way, which was, indeed, not the way of the Church.

"Schiller had a true feeling in his youth when he believed himself called to preach. And in fact he did not forsake the calling, but chose only a wider and freer pulpit than the Church at that time afforded him. Every one who approached Schiller closely in life or in his writings was impressed with this sense of his priestly and prophetic character, using the words in their best sense. So true is this, that one of the chief criticisms of Schiller's work, on the part of those who hold that the artist must love beauty for beauty's sake alone, has been this tendency to preach.

"For my own part, the beauty of outward Nature, the beauty of truth, and the beauty of holiness seem to me but varying manifestations of the one Beauty. A complete religion will ignore none of them, though apparently it will dwell more and more on the beauty of virtue. The supreme poet will ever be near to the priest, and I cannot find their alliance a reproach to either.

"From the standpoint of the enlightened thought of the twentieth century Schiller was without question a deeply religious man, and all of his writings no less than his life bear testimony to the fact."

Schiller's religion was not limited to any sect, and indeed he avoided giving allegiance to any particular creed, because his religious faith, although very definite, was broader and more deeply rooted than any one of those confessions of faith which the Christian dogmatism of his time could offer him. He took the religious problem too seriously to accept any set of formulas without making them his own and transforming them into a religion that was tenable before the tribunal of both his philosophy and his conscience. This apparent lack of religion was an evidence of his extraordinary religious seriousness, which he expressed in the famous distich:

"What my religion? I'll tell you! There is none among all you may mention
Which I embrace.—And the cause? Truly, religion it is!"

(From Carus, *Goethe and Schiller's Xenions.*)

[Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen,
Die du mir nennst! Und warum keine? Aus Religion.]

SCHILLER'S POETRY.

HAVING extracted from Schiller's philosophical poetry the most important passages that characterize his philosophy and views of life, we will now reproduce a selection of such poems as are typical of his style and the treatment of his subjects.

Schiller's life work divides itself naturally into three periods (1) the time of storm and stress, characterized by "The Robbers";

SCHILLER'S RESIDENCE AT WEIMAR.
Where he spent the last period of his life.

(2) the years of search beginning with his flight from Stuttgart—we might call them Lehr- und Wanderjahre—an era full of both painful anxiety and high aspiration, the fairest flowers of which are his "Hymn to Joy" and "The Gods of Greece"; and finally (3) the period of mature self-possessed manhood when, in the circle of his friends, supported by the ennobling influence of his wife and

SCHILLER'S FLIGHT FROM STUTTGART TO MANNHEIM.

aided by the warm friendship and beneficial advice of Goethe, he had reached the zenith of his poetic power and created his great dramas and exquisite ballads, typified respectively by "Wallenstein" and "The Lay of the Bell."

His earlier sentimentalism reasserts itself in one of the first poems of his third period, called "Expectation." His "Pegasus in Harness" combines idealism and humor. "The Division of the Earth" is written in Goethe's simple and direct style and shows the influence which the older poet exercised upon his mind. Goethe in his turn was influenced by Schiller, and we may in this connection

SCHILLER'S STUDY.

The room in which the poet died. (After a photograph.)

mention that his poem "The Minstrel" is written in Schiller's impetuous manner. The very beginning *Was hör' ich draussen vor dem Thor?* etc. recalls the first line of Schiller's "Diver," *Wer wagt es, Rittersmann oder Knapp'?* In both poems we have the exclamatory question of Schiller's emotional language. The "Hymn to Joy" has been set to music by Beethoven. The "Cavalry Song" has become a popular folk-song, the first line of which has entered into the daily life of the German army by becoming the bugle-call for mounting. The "Proverbs of Confucius" have little to do with the Chinese sage, but are the poet's own moralizing on time and space.

"Light and Warmth" treats of the contrast between feeling and the intellect.

We refrain from quoting Schiller's "Ballads" which have become household poems throughout Germany and furnish the main literary pabulum for German schools. Most of the themes are taken from classical sources; such are the "Ring of Polycrates," "Cranes of Ibycus," "Cassandra," "Hero and Leander," "The Hostage." But in every case the German poet improves upon the traditional myth without doing violence to the classical spirit. Other poems, such as the "Knight of Toggenburg," "Fight with the Dragon," "Fridolin," "Count of Hapsburg," and "The Glove," belong to feudal times, but breathe the spirit of modernized Christianity. Though their subjects are romantic, the treatment is the same as in his purely classical poetry.

Schiller has also tried his hand at distichs and hexameters, but he has not been fortunate with this properly classical meter. The "Xenions" are mostly limping in their feet, and his classical meters have been surpassed by minor contemporary poets such as Johann Heinrich Voss who made a specialty of them.

We conclude this little volume with a full quotation of the "Lay of the Bell" as being the most famous as well as the most peculiarly characteristic of Schiller's poems.

Though our collection is limited to what we deem indispensable for forming a fair judgment, it suffices to exhibit the wealth of Schiller's work which is the more remarkable as the poet died prematurely in his forty-sixth year.

EXPECTATION.

One of Schiller's later poems, "Expectation," afforded the artist, C. Jaeger, a good opportunity to paint the poet's portrait in the midst of beautiful scenic surroundings. He is represented as seated in a garden awaiting with impatience the arrival of his love. The poem opens with the lines:

"Do I not hear the gate flying?
Did not the latchet just fall?
No, 'tis but the zephyr sighing
Gently through the poplars tall."

[Hör' ich das Pförtchen nicht gehen?
Hat nicht der Riegel geklirrt?
Nein, es war des Windes Wehen,
Der durch diese Pappeln schwirrt.]

The lover's imagination interprets every noise into an evidence of his sweetheart's approach; but he continues to be disappointed until the sun sets, the moon rises, and he himself falls asleep, his expectation assuming the shape of a dream. At last the vision becomes a fact and his patience is rewarded:

"And as from the heavens descending,
Appears the sweet moment of bliss,
In silence her steps thither bending,
She wakened her love with a kiss."
(Translation by Bowring.)

[Und leis, wie aus himmlischen Höhen
Die Stunde des Glückes erscheint,
So war sie genaht, ungesehen,
Und weckte mit Küssen den Freund.]

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

"Once to a horse-fair,—it may perhaps have been
Where other things are bought and sold,—I mean
At the Haymarket,—there the muses' horse
A hungry poet brought—to sell, of course.

"The hippogriff neigh'd shrilly, loudly,
And reared upon his hind-legs proudly;
In utter wonderment each stood and cried:
'The noble regal beast! But, woe betide!
Two hideous wings his slender form deface,
The finest team he else would not disgrace.'—
'The breed,' said they, 'is doubtless rare,
But who would travel through the air?'—

"Not one of them would risk his gold.
At length a farmer grew more bold:
'His wings, I of no use should find them,
But easy 'tis to clip or bind them!
The horse for drawing may be useful found,—
So, friend, I don't mind giving twenty pound!'
The other, glad to sell his merchandise,
Cried, 'Done!'—And Hans rode off upon his prize.

"The noble beast was hitched without ado,
But scarcely felt the unaccustomed load,
When, panting to soar upwards, off he flew,
And filled with honest anger, overthrew
The cart where a deep ditch just met the road.
'Ho! ho!' thought Hans: 'No cart to this mad beast
I'll trust. Experience makes one wise at least.
To drive the coach to-morrow now my course is,
And he as leader in the team shall go.
The lively fellow saves me full two horses;
As years pass on, he'll doubtless tamer grow.'

"All went on well at first. The nimble steed
His partners roused. Like lightning was their speed.
What happened next? Toward heaven was turned his eye:
Unused across the solid ground to fly,
He quitted soon the safe and beaten course,
And true to nature's strong resistless force,
Ran over bog and moor, o'er hedge and pasture tilled.
An equal madness soon the other horses filled,—

No reins could hold them in, no help was near,
Till,—only picture the poor travelers' fear!—
The coach, well shaken, and completely wrecked,
Upon a hill's steep top at length was checked.

"'If this is always sure to be the case,'
Hans cried, and cut a very sorry face,
'He'll never do to draw a coach or wagon;
Let's see if we can't tame the fiery dragon
By means of heavy work and little food.'
And so the plan was tried.—But what ensued?
The handsome beast, before three days had passed,
Wasted to nothing. 'Now I see at last!'
Cried Hans. 'Be quick, you fellows! yoke him now
With my most sturdy ox before the plow.'

"No sooner said than done. In union queer
Together yoked were soon winged horse and steer.
The griffin pranced with rage, and his remaining might
Exerted to resume his old-accustomed flight.
'Twas all in vain. His partner stepped with circumspection,
And Phœbus' haughty steed must take bovine direction;
Until at last, by long resistance spent,
When strength his limbs no longer was controlling,
The noble creature with affliction bent,
Fell to the ground, and in the dust lay rolling.
'Accursèd beast!' at length with fury mad
Hans shouted, while he soundly plied the lash,—
'Even for plowing, then, thou art too bad!—
That fellow was a rogue to sell such trash!'

"Ere yet his heavy blows had ceased to fly,
A brisk and merry youth by chance came by.
A lute was tinkling in his hand,
And through his light and flowing hair
Was twined with grace a golden band.
'Whither, my friend, with that strange pair?'
From far he to the peasant cried.
'A bird and ox to *one* rope tied—
Was such a team e'er heard of, pray?
Thy horse's worth I'd fain essay;
Just for a moment lend him me,—
Observe, and thou shalt wonders see!'

"The hippogriff was loosened from the plow,
Upon his back the smiling youth leaped now;
No sooner did the creature understand
That he was guided by a master-hand,
Than champed his bit, and upward soared,
While lightning from his eyes outpoured.

No longer the same being, royally,
A spirit, ay, a god, ascended he,
Spread in a moment to the stormy wind

His noble wings, and left the earth behind,
And, ere the eye could follow him,
Had vanished in the heavens dim."

(Translation by Bowring.)

Pegasus im Joche.

[Auf einem Pferdemarkt—vielleicht zu Haymarket,
Wo andre Dinge noch in Ware sich verwandeln,
Bracht' einst ein hungriger Poet
Der Musen Ross, es zu verhandeln.

Hell wieherte der Hippogryph
Und bäumte sich in prächtiger Parade;
Erstaunt blieb jeder stehn und rief:
Das edle, königliche Tier! Nur schade,
Dass seinen schlanken Wuchs ein hässlich Flügelpaar
Entstellt! Den schönsten Postzug würd' es zieren.
Die Rasse, sagen sie, sei rar,
Doch wer wird durch die Luft kutschieren?
Und keiner will sein Geld verlieren.
Ein Pachter endlich fasste Mut.
Die Flügel zwar, spricht er, die schaffen keinen Nutzen;
Doch die kann man ja binden oder stutzen,
Dann ist das Pferd zum Ziehen immer gut.
Ein zwanzig Pfund, die will ich wohl dran wagen.
Der Täuscher, hochvergnügt, die Ware loszuschlagen,
Schlägt hurtig ein. "Ein Mann, ein Wort!"
Und Hans trabt frisch mit seiner Beute fort.

Das edle Tier wird eingespannt:
Doch fühlt es kaum die ungewohnte Bürde,
So rennt es fort mit wilder Flugbegierde
Und wirft, von edelm Grimm entbrannt,
Den Karren um an eines Abgrunds Rand.
Schon gut, denkt Hans. Allein darf ich dem tollen Tiere
Kein Fuhrwerk mehr vertraun. Erfahrung macht schon klug.
Doch morgen fahr' ich Passagiere,
Da stell' ich es als Vorspann in den Zug.
Die muntre Krabbe soll zwei Pferde mir ersparen;
Der Koller gibt sich mit den Jahren.

Der Anfang ging ganz gut. Das leichtbeschwingte Pferd
Belebt der Klepper Schritt, und pfeilschnell fliegt der Wagen.
Doch was geschieht? Den Blick den Wolken zugekehrt,
Und ungewohnt, den Grund mit festem Huf zu schlagen,
Verlässt es bald der Räder sichre Spur,
Und, treu der stärkeren Natur,
Durchrennt es Sumpf und Moor, geackert Feld und Hecken;
Der gleiche Taumel fasst das ganze Postgespann,
Kein Rufen hilft, kein Zügel hält es an,
Bis endlich, zu der Wandrer Schrecken,
Der Wagen, wohlgerüttelt und zerschellt,
Auf eines Berges steilem Gipfel hält.

Das geht nicht zu mit rechten Dingen,
Spricht Hans mit sehr bedenklichem Gesicht,
So wird es nimmermehr gelingen;
Lass sehn, ob wir den Tollwurm nicht
Durch magre Kost und Arbeit zwingen.
Die Probe wird gemacht. Bald ist das schöne Tier,
Eh noch drei Tage hingeschwunden,
Zum Schatten abgezehrt. Ich hab's, ich hab's gefunden!
Ruft Hans. Jetzt frisch, und spannt es mir
Gleich vor den Pflug mit meinem stärksten Stier!

Gesagt, gethan. In lächerlichem Zuge
Erblickt man Ochs und Flügelpferd am Pfluge.
Unwillig steigt der Greif und strengt die letzte Macht
Der Sehnen an, den alten Flug zu nehmen.
Umsonst; der Nachbar schreitet mit Bedacht,
Und Phöbus' stolzes Ross muss sich dem Stier bequemen,
Bis nun, vom langen Widerstand verzehrt,
Die Kraft aus allen Gliedern schwindet,
Von Gram gebeugt das edle Götterpferd
Zu Boden stürzt und sich im Staube windet.

Verwünschtes Tier! bricht endlich Hansens Grimm
Laut scheltend aus, indem die Hiebe flogen;
So bist du denn zum Ackern selbst zu schlimm,
Mich hat ein Schelm mit dir betrogen.

Indem er noch in seines Zornes Wut
Die Peitsche schwingt, kommt flink und wohlgemut
Ein lustiger Gesell die Strasse hergezogen.
Die Zither klingt in seiner leichten Hand,
Und durch den blonden Schmuck der Haare
Schlingt zierlich sich ein goldnes Band.
Wohin, Freund, mit dem wunderlichen Paare?
Ruft er den Bau'r von weitem an.
Der Vogel und der Ochs an einem Seile,
Ich bitte dich, welch ein Gepann!
Willst du auf eine kleine Weile
Dein Pferd zur Probe mir vertraun?
Gib acht, du sollst dein Wunder schaun.

Der Hippogryph wird ausgespannt,
Und lächelnd schwingt sich ihm der Jüngling auf den Rücken.
Kaum fühlt das Tier des Meisters sichre Hand,
So knirscht es in des Zügels Band
Und steigt, und Blitze sprühn aus den beseelten Blicken.
Nicht mehr das vor'ge Wesen, königlich,
Ein Geist, ein Gott, erhebt es sich,
Entrollt mit einem Mal in Sturmes Wehen

Der Schwingen Pracht, schiesst brausend himmelan,
Und eh der Blick ihm folgen kann,
Entschwebt es zu den blauen Höhen.]

DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

"'Here, take the world!' cried Jove from out his heaven
To mortals—'Be you of this earth the heirs;
Free to your use the heritage is given;
Fraternally divide the shares.'

"Then every hand stretched eager in its greed,
And busy was the work with young and old;
The tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The hunter chased through wood and wold.

"The merchant grip'd the store and locked the ware—
The abbot chose the juices of the vine—
The king barr'd up the bridge and thoroughfare,
And said, 'The tithes and tolls are mine!'

"And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the poet from afar, to see
That all had proffer'd and had seiz'd their claim—
'And is there naught,' he cried, 'for me?

" 'Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy children portionless alone?'
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
A suppliant before his throne.

"'If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,'
Answered the God, 'why murmurest thou at me?
Where wast thou then, when earth they were dividing?'
'I was,' the poet said, 'with thee!

"'Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The harmony of heaven enthralled mine ear;
Pardon the soul that, with thy dazzling light
Enraptured, lost its portion here!'

"'What's to be done?' said Zeus, 'The world is given,
Mart, chase, and harvest are no longer free;
But if thou wilt abide with me in heaven,
Whene'er thou com'st, 'twill open be to thee!'"

(Translation after Bulwer-Lytton, except the last stanza which is from Bowring.)

Die Teilung der Erde.

[Nehmt hin die Welt! rief Zeus von seinen Höhen
Den Menschen zu; nehmt, sie soll euer sein.

Euch schenk' ich sie zum Erb' und ew'gen Lehen;
Doch teilt euch brüderlich darein.

Da eilt', was Hände hat, sich einzurichten,
Es regte sich geschäftig jung und alt.
Der Ackermann griff nach des Feldes Früchten,
Der Junker birschte durch den Wald.

Der Kaufmann nimmt, was seine Speicher fassen,
Der Abt wählt sich den edeln Firnewein,
Der König sperrt' die Brücken und die Strassen
Und sprach: der Zehente ist mein.

Ganz spät, nachdem die Teilung längst geschehen,
Naht der Poet, er kam aus weiter Fern';
Ach, da war überall nichts mehr zu sehen,
Und alles hatte seinen Herrn.

Weh mir! so soll denn ich allein von allen
Vergessen sein, ich, dein getreuster Sohn?
So liess er laut der Klage Ruf erschallen
Und warf sich hin vor Jovis Thron.

Wenn du im Land der Träume dich verweilet,
Versetzt der Gott, so hadre nicht mit mir.
Wo warst du denn, als man die Welt geteilet?
Ich war, sprach der Poet, bei dir.

Mein Auge hing an deinem Angesichte,
An deines Himmels Harmonie mein Ohr;
Verzeih dem Geiste, der, von deinem Lichte
Berauscht, das Irdische verlor!

Was thun? spricht Zeus,—die Welt ist weggegeben,
Der Herbst, die Jagd, der Markt ist nicht mehr mein.
Willst du in meinem Himmel mit mir leben,
So oft du kommst, er soll dir offen sein.]

HYMN TO JOY.

"Joy divine, fair flame immortal,
Daughter of Elysium,
Mad with rapture, to the portal
Of thy holy fane we come!
Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,
But thy magic joins again;
All mankind are brethren ever
'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.

CHORUS.

Welcome, all ye myriad creatures!
Brethren, take the kiss of love!
Yes, the starry realm above
Smile a father's kindly features!

"Joy, in Nature's wide dominion,
Mainspring of the whole is found;
And 'tis Joy that moves the pinion,
When the wheel of time goes round;
From the bud she lures the flower—
Suns from out their orbs of light;
Distant spheres obey her power,
Far beyond all mortal sight.

CHORUS.

As through Heaven's expanse so glorious
In their orbits suns roll on,
Brethren, thus your proud race run,
Glad as warriors all-victorious!

"To the Gods we ne'er can render
Praise for every good they grant;
Let us, with devotion tender,
Minister to grief and want.
Quench'd be hate and wrath for ever,
Pardon'd be our mortal foe—
May our tears upbraid him never,
No repentance bring him low!

CHORUS.

Sense of wrongs must not be treasured—
Brethren, live in perfect love!
In the starry realms above,
God will mete as we have measured.

"Joy within the goblet flushes,
For the golden nectar, wine,
Ev'ry fierce emotion hushes,—
Fills the breast with fire divine.
Brethren, thus in rapture meeting,
Send ye round the brimming cup,—
Yonder kindly Spirit greeting,
While the foam to Heaven mounts up!

CHORUS.

Seraphs praise his power and love,
Him stars worship as they roll,
To the spirit drain the bowl—
Yonder starry realms above!

"Safety from tyrant's power!
Mercy e'en to traitors base!
Hope in life's last solemn hour!
Pardon when before God's face!
Eke to those in slumber lulled—
To the dead, now drain your cup!
May our sins be all anulled!
Hell itself be swallowed up!

CHORUS.

When the golden bowl is broken,
Gentle sleep within the tomb!
Brethren, may a gracious doom
By the Judge of Man be spoken!"

(Translation after Bowring.)

An die Freude.

[Freude, schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium,
Wir betreten feuertrunken,
Himmlische, dein Heiligtum.
Deine Zauber binden wieder,
Was die Mode streng geteilt;
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.

CHOR.

Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!
Brüder—überm Sternenzelt
Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen.

Freude heisst die starke Feder
In der ewigen Natur.
Freude, Freude treibt die Räder
In der grossen Weltenuhr.
Blumen lockt sie aus den Keimen,
Sonnen aus dem Firmament,
Sphären rollt sie in den Räumen,
Die des Sehers Rohr nicht kennt.

CHOR.

Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegen
Durch des Himmels prächt'gen Plan,
Wandelt, Brüder, eure Bahn,
Freudig, wie ein Held zum Siegen.

Göttern kann man nicht vergelten;
Schön ist's ihnen gleich zu sein.
Gram und Armut soll sich melden,
Mit den Frohen sich erfreun.

Groll und Rache sei vergessen,
Unserm Todfeind sei verziehn.
Keine Thräne soll ihn pressen,
Keine Reue nage ihn.

CHOR.

Unser Schuldbuch sei vernichtet!
Ausgesöhnt die ganze Welt!
Brüder—überm Sternenzelt
Richtet Gott wie wir gerichtet.

Freude sprudelt in Pokalen,
In der Traube goldnem Blut
Trinken Sanftmut Kannibalen,
Die Verzweiflung Heldenmut— —
Brüder, fliegt von euren Sitzen,
Wenn der volle Römer kreist,
Lasst den Schaum zum Himmel spritzen:
Dieses Glas dem guten Geist!

CHOR.

Den der Sterne Wirbel loben,
Den des Seraphs Hymne preist,
Dieses Glas dem guten Geist
Ueberm Sternenzelt dort oben!

Rettung von Tyrannenketten,
Grossmut auch dem Bösewicht,
Hoffnung auf den Sterbebetten,
Gnade auf dem Hochgericht!
Auch die Todten sollen leben!
Brüder, trinkt und stimmet ein:
Allen Sündern soll vergeben,
Und die Hölle nicht mehr sein!

CHOR.

Eine heitre Abschiedsstunde!
Süssen Schlaf im Leichentuch!
Brüder—einen sanften Spruch
Aus des Todtenrichters Munde!]

CAVALRY SONG.

(From the last scene of "Wallenstein's Camp.")

"Huzza! O my comrades! to horse! to horse!
In the field still can freedom be wrested,
For there in the battle is proved manhood's force.
In the field our hearts will be tested!
None can another's place supply,
Each standeth alone—on himself must rely.

"Now freedom appears from the world to have flown,
None but lords and their vassals one traces;
While falsehood and cunning are ruling alone
O'er the living cowardly races.
The man who can look upon death without fear—
The soldier,—is now the sole freeman left here.

"The cares of this life, he casts them away,
Untroubled by fear or by sorrow;
He rides to his fate with a countenance gay,
And finds it to-day or to-morrow;
And if 'tis to-morrow, to-day we'll employ
To drink full deep of the goblet of joy.

"The skies o'er him shower his lot filled with mirth,
He gains, without toil, its full measure;
The peasant, who grubs in the womb of the earth,
Believes that he'll find there the treasure.
Through lifetime he shovels and digs like a slave,
And digs—till at length he has dug his own grave.

"The horseman, as well as his swift-footed beast,
Are guests by whom all are affrighted.
When glimmer the lamps at the wedding feast,
In the banquet he joins uninvited;
He woos not long, and with gold he ne'er buys,
But carries by storm love's blissful prize.

"Why weepest, my maiden? Why grievest thou so?
Let me hence, let me hence, girl, I pray thee!
The soldier on earth no sure quarters can know;
With constancy never repay thee.
Fate hurries him onward with fury blind,
Nor peace nor rest is it his to find.

"Away then, my comrades, our chargers let's mount!
Our hearts in the battle bound lightly!
Youth's foam effervesces in life's bubbling fount.
Away! while the spirit glows brightly!
Unless you have courage your life to stake,
Of life's true worth you will ne'er partake!"

(Translation after Bowring.)

Reiterlied.

[Wohlauf, Kameraden, aufs Pferd, aufs Pferd!
Ins Feld, in die Freiheit gezogen!
Im Felde, da ist der Mann noch was wert,
Da wird das Herz noch gewogen,

Da tritt kein andrer für ihn ein,
Auf sich selber steht er da ganz allein.

Aus der Welt die Freiheit verschwunden ist,
Man sieht nur Herren und Knechte;
Die Falschheit herrschet, die Hinterlist
Bei dem feigen Menschengeschlechte.
Der dem Tod ins Angesicht schauen kann,
Der Soldat allein ist der freie Mann!

Des Lebens Aengsten, er wirft sie weg,
Hat nicht mehr zu fürchten, zu sorgen;
Er reitet dem Schicksal entgegen keck,
Trifft's heute nicht, trifft es doch morgen,
Und trifft es morgen, so lasset uns heut
Noch schlürfen die Neige der köstlichen Zeit.

Von dem Himmel fällt ihm sein lustig Los,
Braucht's nicht mit Müh' zu erstreben.
Der Fröhner, der sucht in der Erde Schoss,
Da meint er den Schatz zu erheben.
Er gräbt und schaufelt, so lang er lebt,
Und gräbt bis er endlich sein Grab sich gräbt.

Der Reiter und sein geschwindes Ross,
Sie sind gefürchtete Gäste.
Es flimmern die Lampen im Hochzeitschloss,
Ungeladen kommt er zum Feste,
Er wirbt nicht lange, er zeiget nicht Gold,
Im Sturm erringt er den Minnesold.

Warum weint die Dirn' und zergrämt sich schier?
Lass fahren dahin, lass fahren!
Er hat auf Erden kein bleibend Quartier,
Kann treue Lieb nicht bewahren.
Das rasche Schicksal, es treibt ihn fort,
Seine Ruhe lässt er an keinem Ort.

Drum frisch, Kameraden, den Rappen gezäumt,
Die Brust im Gefechte gelüftet!
Die Jugend brauset, das Leben schäumt,
Frisch auf, eh der Geist noch verdüftet!
Und setzet ihr nicht das Leben ein,
Nie wird euch das Leben gewonnen sein.]

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

"'Wilt thou not be lambkins heeding?
Innocent and gentle, they
Meekly on sweet herbs are feeding,

And beside the brook they play.'
'Mother keep me not at home.
Let me as a hunter roam!'

"'Wilt thou not, thy herds assembling,
Lure with lively horn along?—
Sweet their clear bells tinkle trembling,
Sweet the echoing woods among!'
'Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the wilds to chase the roe.'

"'Wilt thou nurture not the flowers,
Tend them like my own dear child?
Dark and drear the mountain lowers,
Wild is nature on the wild!'
'Leave the flowers in peace to blow.
Mother, mother, let me go!'

"Forth the hunter bounds unheeding,
On his hardy footsteps press;
Hot and eager, blindly speeding
To the mountain's last recess.
Swift before him, as the wind,
Panting, trembling, flies the hind.

"Up the ribbèd crag-tops driven,
Up she clambers, steep on steep;
O'er the rocks asunder riven
Springs her dizzy, daring leap:
Still unwearied, with the bow
Of death, behind her flies the foe.

"On the peak that rudely, drearly
Jags the summit, bleak and hoar,
Where the rocks, descending sheerly,
Leave to flight no path before;
There she halts at last, to find
Chasms beneath—the foe behind!

"To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
Turns her look of pleading woe;
Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
Meets the look—and bends the bow,—
Yawn'd the rock; from his abode
Th' Ancient of the mountain strode;

"And his godlike hand extending,
To protect her from the foe,
'Wherefore death and slaughter sending,
Bringst thou my realm this woe?

Shall my herds before thee fall?
Room there is on earth for all!"

(Translation after Bulwer-Lytton.)

Der Alpenjäger.

[Willst du nicht das Lämmlein hüten?
Lämmlein ist so fromm und sanft,
Nährt sich von des Grases Blüten,
Spielend an des Baches Ranft.
"Mutter, Mutter, lass mich gehen,
Jagen nach des Berges Höhen!"

Willst du nicht die Herde locken?
Mit des Hornes munterm Klang?
Lieblich tönt der Schall der Glocken
In des Waldes Lustgesang.
"Mutter, Mutter, lass mich gehen,
Schweifen auf den wilden Höhen!"

Willst du nicht der Blümlein warten,
Die im Beete freundlich stehn?
Draussen ladet dich kein Garten;
Wild ist's auf den wilden Höhn!
"Lass die Blümlein, lass sie blühen!
Mutter, Mutter, lass mich ziehen!"

Und der Knabe ging zu jagen,
Und es treibt und reisst ihn fort,
Rastlos fort mit blindem Wagen,
An des Berges finstern Ort;
Vor ihm her mit Windesschnelle
Flieht die zitternde Gazelle.

Auf der Felsen nackte Rippen
Klettert sie mit leichtem Schwung,
Durch den Riss gespaltner Klippen
Trägt sie der gewagte Sprung;
Aber hinter ihr verwogen
Folgt er mit dem Todesbogen.

Jetzo auf den schroffen Zinken
Hängt sie, auf dem höchsten Grat,
Wo die Felsen jäh versinken
Und verschwunden ist der Pfad.
Unter sich die steile Höhe,
Hinter sich des Feindes Nähe.

Mit des Jammers stummen Blicken
Fleht sie zu dem harten Mann,

Fleht umsonst, denn loszudrücken
  Legt er schon den Bogen an;
Plötzlich aus der Felsenspalte
Tritt der Geist, der Bergesalte.

Und mit seinen Götterhänden
  Schützt er das gequälte Tier.
"Musst du Tod und Jammer senden,"
  Ruft er, "bis herauf zu mir?
Raum für alle hat die Erde;
Was verfolgst du meine Herde?"]

PROVERBS OF CONFUCIUS.

TIME.

"Threefold is the march of Time:
  While the future slow advances,
  Like a dart the present glances,
Changeless stands the past sublime.

(Time as Future.)

"No impatience e'er can speed him
  On his course if he delay.

(Time as Present.)

"No alarm, no doubts impede him
  If he keep his onward way.

(Time as Past.)

"No remorse, no incantations
  Alter aught in his fixations.

(Application.)

"Wouldst thou wisely and with pleasure,
  Pass the days of life's short measure,
  From the slow one counsel take,
  But a tool of him ne'er make;
  Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
  Nor the constant one as foe!"

SPACE.

"Threefold is the form of Space:
Length, with ever restless motion;
Seeks eternity's wide ocean;
Breadth with boundless sway extends;
Depth to unknown realms descends.

(Application.)

"All types to thee are given:
Thou must onward strive for heaven,
Never still or weary be
Wouldst thou perfect glory see;
Far must thy researches go

Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
Thou must tempt the dark abyss
Wouldst thou life's deep meaning wis.

"Nought but firmness gains the prize,—
Nought but fulness makes us wise,—
Buried deep, truth ever lies!"

(Translation by Bowring.)

Sprüche des Konfucius.

1.

[Dreifach ist der Schritt der Zeit:
Zögernd kommt die Zukunft hergezogen,
Pfeilschnell ist das Jezt entflogen,
Ewig still steht die Vergangenheit.

Keine Ungeduld beflügelt
Ihren Schritt, wenn sie verweilt.
Keine Furcht, kein Zweifeln zügelt
Ihren Lauf, wenn sie enteilt.
Keine Reu, kein Zaubersegen
Kann die stehende bewegen.

Möchtest du beglückt und weise
Endigen des Lebens Reise,
Nimm die zögernde zum Rat,
Nicht zum Werkzeug deiner That.
Wähle nicht die fliehende zum Freund,
Nicht die bleibende zum Feind.

2.

Dreifach ist des Raumes Mass:
Rastlos fort ohn' Unterlass
Strebt die Länge; fort ins Weite
Endlos giesset isch die Breite;
Grundlos senkt die Tiefe sich.

Dir ein Bild sind sie gegeben:
Rastlos vorwärts musst du streben,
Nie ermüdet stille stehn,
Willst du die Vollendung sehn;
Musst ins Breite dich entfalten,
Soll sich dir die Welt gestalten;
In die Tiefe musst du steigen,
Soll sich dir das Wesen zeigen.
Nur Beharrung führt zum Ziel,
Nur die Fülle führt zur Klarheit,
Und im Abgrund wohnt die Wahrheit.]

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

"The world, a man of noble mind
With glad reliance enters;
Around him spread, he hopes to find
What in his bosom centers;
And to truth's cause, with ardor warm,
He dedicates his trusty arm.

"But that the world is mean, ere long
Experience shows him ever;
Himself to guard amid the throng
Is now his sole endeavor.
His heart, in calm and proud repose,
Soon e'en to love begins to close.

"The rays of truth, though light-bestowing,
Not always warmth impart;
Blest he who gains the boon of knowing
Nor buys it with his heart!
So thou shouldst worldling's ken unite
To the idealist's vision bright."

(Translation after Bowring.)

Licht und Wärme.

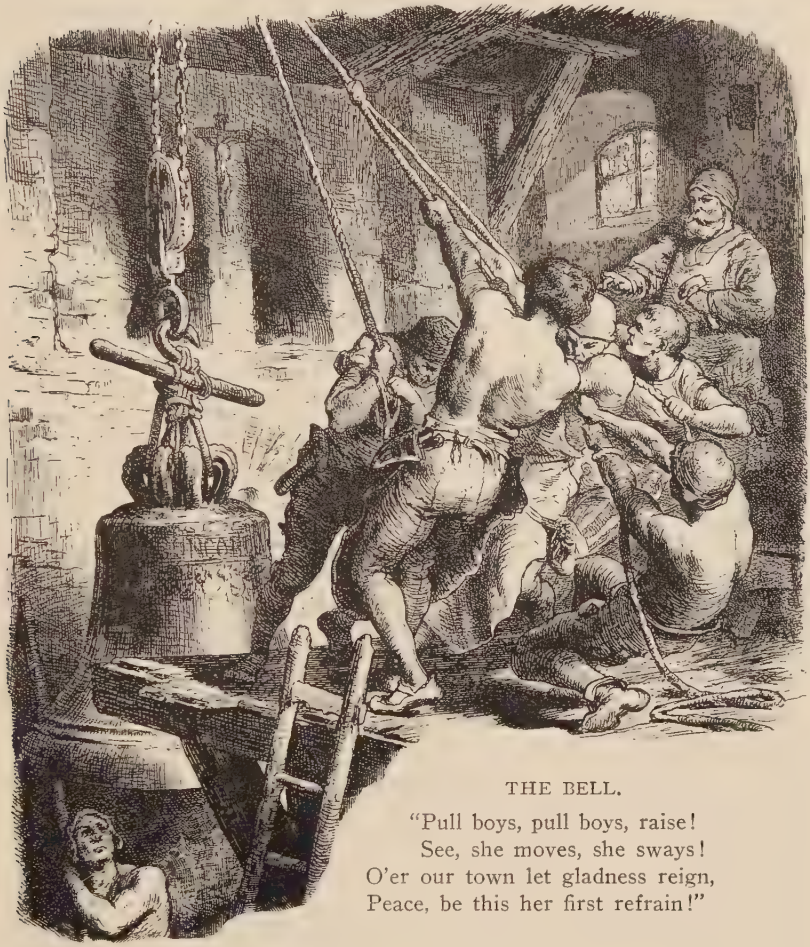
[Der bessre Mensch tritt in die Welt
Mit fröhlichem Vertrauen;
Er glaubt, was ihm die Seele schwellt,
Auch ausser sich zu schauen
Und weiht, von edlem Eifer warm,
Der Wahrheit seinen treuen Arm.

Doch alles ist so klein, so eng;
Hat er es erst erfahren,
Da sucht er in dem Weltgedräng
Sich selbst nur zu bewahren;
Das Herz, in kalter, stolzer Ruh,
Schliesst endlich sich der Liebe zu.

Sie geben, ach! nicht immer Glut,
Der Wahrheit helle Strahlen.
Wohl Denen, die des Wissens Gut
Nicht mit dem Herzen zahlen.
Drum paart, zu eurem schönsten Glück,
Mit Schwärmers Ernst des Weltmanns Blick.]

THE LAY OF THE BELL.

During 1797 and 1798, Schiller wrote his famous poem "The Lay of the Bell," which is commonly regarded as the crown of his lyric poetry. In 1788, in his frequent trips to Rudolstadt, he had



THE BELL.

"Pull boys, pull boys, raise!
See, she moves, she sways!
O'er our town let gladness reign,
Peace, be this her first refrain!"

repeatedly visited a bell foundry, and on these occasions had studied in detail the process of casting bells. The idea came to him to represent the entirety of human destiny in a description of this typical industry as it is woven into man's daily work. The poet introduces the master of the foundry addressing his journeymen and

apprentices on the significance of their labor, and every transaction leads him to see in it some suggestion of a similar occurrence in man's life. Thus Schiller unrolls before our eyes the birth of the child, the home in which the mother rules, the father's industry,

"The proud boy bids the girl adieu."

the danger of fire, the romance of love, marriage, and death, the horrors of revolution, and the peaceful development of civilization under the united efforts of all members of society. So he concludes

his poem by making the bell ring out victorious notes of joy and peace.

To Americans "The Lay of the Bell" is especially noteworthy because it suggested to Longfellow the plan of his poem "The

"Then as a stranger homeward hies."

Building of the Ship." The meter changes frequently, and each change is quite effective in expressing the changed situation.

"The Lay of the Bell" has been a household poem in German

homes, and great artists have illustrated its incidents in pictures which are known to Germans the world over. Especially familiar are two paintings of Müller, which represent the scenes so impressively described by Schiller when the boy first leaves his parents' house, and later when he returns almost a stranger and again meets the maiden whom he left behind as a girl. Our rendering follows mainly Baskerville's translation:

"Firmly bound the mould of clay
In its dungeon-walls doth stand.
Born shall be the bell to-day!
Comrades, up! now be at hand!
From the brows of all
Must the sweat-drops fall,
Ere in his work the master live;
The blessing God alone can give.

"To what we earnestly prepare
Now may an earnest word be said;
When good discourse our labors share
Then merrily the work is sped.
Let us consider then with zeal
What feeble strength can do by thought;
Contempt for him we e'er must feel
Who planned not what his hands have wrought.
'Tis this adorns the human race,
For this to man was reason given,
That he within his heart may trace
The works that by his hands have thriven.

"Wood cut from the pine-tree take,
But well seasoned let it be,
Through the flue the flames thus break
To the cauldron's molten sea.
Boils the copper within,
Quick, bring hither the tin!
That the bell's tough metal may
Smoothly flow in wonted way!

"What deeply in earth's hidden cell
The hand with fire's assistance speeds,
Will in the steeple's belfry dwell
And loudly witness of our deeds.
In many an ear its thrilling tale
'Twill pour, nor heed the flight of Time,
'Twill with the child of sorrow wail,
And join Devotion's choral chime.
Whate'er unto the earthborn crowd
The frown or smile of Fortune bring,

The metal tongue proclaims it loud,
While far those cheering accents ring.

"See the silver bubbles glow!
Now the molten billows swell.
Potash in the furnace throw,
For it speeds the casting well.
And from frothing free
Must the mixture be
That the bell's metallic voice
Every hearer's heart rejoice.

"With festive joyous accents rife
It greets the well beloved child,
Launched on his first career of life
In slumber's arm so sweet and mild;
In Time's dark womb for him reposes
Life's thorny couch, life's bed of roses;
A mother's love its guardian wing
Spreads o'er his golden days of spring.—
The years fly like the winged shaft.
The proud boy bids the girl adieu;
Out into life's wild storm he flies,
A pilgrim, roams the wide world through,
Then as a stranger homeward hies.
And lo, as some sweet vision breaks
Out from its native morning skies,
With rosy blush on downcast cheeks,
The maiden stands before his eyes.
A nameless yearning now appears
And fills his heart; alone he strays,
His eyes are ever moist with tears,
He shuns his brothers' noisy plays;
Her steps he blushingly pursues,
And by her greeting is made blest,
Gathers the flowers of fairest hues,
With which to deck his true love's breast.
Oh, tender yearning, blissful hope,
Thou golden time of love's young day!
Heav'n seems before the eye to ope,
The heart in rapture melts away.
Oh, may it ever verdant prove,
That radiant time of youthful love!

"Lo! the pipes already brown!
I will dip this rod therein,
Doth a glaze the surface crown,
We the casting may begin.
Quick! amid the glow,
Test the mixture's flow!

See if, with a goodly sign,
Soft and brittle well combine.

"Where gentleness with strength we find,
The tender with the stern combined,
There harmony is sweet and strong.
Then prove, e'er wedlock's wreath be twined
If heart to heart its fetters bind!
Illusion's brief, repentance long.
Sweet on bridal brow is clinging
Myrtle wreath of festive green,
When the mellow church bell's ringing
Bids us to the festive scene.
Ah! life's sweetest festival
Ends the May of life anon,
With the girdle, with the veil,
Is the fond illusion gone.
The passions soon fly,
But love must remain;
The blossoms soon die,
Fruit comes in their train.
The husband must fight,
'Mid struggles and strife,
The battle of life;
Must plant and create,
Watch, snare, and debate,
Must venture and stake
His fortune to make.
Then boundless in torrents comes pouring the gift,
The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift,
The store-rooms increase, and the mansion expands.
Within it reigns
The prudent wife,
The tender mother,
In wisdom's ways
Her house she sways,
Instructing the girls,
Controlling the boys,
With diligent hands
She works and commands,
Increases the gains
And order maintains;
With treasures the sweet smelling wardrobe she stores,
And busily over the spinning wheel pores,
She hoards in the bright polished presses till full
The snowy white linen, the shimmering wool,
The bright and the showy to good she disposes,
And never reposes.

"Now the sire with joyful mien,
From the house's lofty gable,

Gazes on the prosperous scene;
Sees the beams around him soar,
And the barn's abundant store,
Garners blest by Plenty's horn,
And the waving sea of corn.
Thus he fondly prides himself:
'Firm and strong as earth itself,
'Gainst misfortune's whelming shock,
Stands the house, as on a rock!'
But with Fate O! ne'er believe
An eternal bond to weave,
Swiftly on Misfortune comes.

"Now the casting may begin,
Jagg'd the fracture is and fair.
But before we run it in
Offer up a pious prayer!
Let the plug now fly!
May God's help be nigh!
Smoking in the hollow cave
Rushes forth the glowing wave.

"How genial is fire's might,
When tamed and watched by man aright!
Whate'er he forms, or shapes, its source
He owes to this celestial force.
But fearful this celestial force
When, bursting forth in madden'd course,
Unshackled on its path so wild,
It rushes, Nature's free-born child!
Woe, when bursting forth it flies,
Spreading with unbridled ire!
In the busy street arise
Mountain waves of raging fire;
For the elements despise
Wealth that human hands acquire.
From the cloud
Blessings rush,
Waters gush;
Where it listeth lightning flashes,
Thunder crashes.
Hear ye that wail from yon tower's walls?
The tocsin calls!
Red as blood
Glow the skies;
That is not the sunlight's flood!
Hark! what cries
In the street!
Smoke clouds rise!
Surging upwards, higher, higher!

Through the streets the pillared fire
Rushes with the whirlwind's ire.
Like the blast in furnace pent
Glows the air, now beams are rent,
Windows rattle, rafters creak,
Mothers wander, children shriek,
Kine are lowing,
Underneath the ruins glowing;
Running, rushing, coming, going,
Night vies with the daylight's glowing
As the zealous chain expands,
Through the hands,
Flies the bucket; arching o'er,
Streams the jet, the torrents pour.
Then the storm, 'mid howl and roar,
With the raging flames dispute;
Crackling 'mid the grain and fruit,
Through the garner's space they gleam,
Seize the dry and massive beam,
And, as though they'd in their flight
Earth from its foundation tear,
Upwards sweeping through the air,
Surge they to the heaven's height,
Huge in scope!
Stripped of hope,
Man submits as he surveys,
Wond'ring with an idle gaze,
What was done by Heaven's might.

"Waste is now
The place and dread,
Of wild storms the rugged bed.
In the hollow window-cells
Horror dwells,
And the clouds from Heaven's sphere
Downwards peer.

"One fond look, the last,
'Mid the gloom,
At the tomb
Of his wealth man turns to cast.—
Then takes his staff, nor wails his doom.
What though bereft by fire's wrath,
One comfort still his heart may cheer,
He counts the forms to him so dear,
Lo! all are left to cheer his path.

"Being in the earth received,
The mould the mingled metals fill;

Will the work when 'tis achieved
Recompense our toil and skill?
If the cast should fail?
If the mould be frail?
While we hope, e'en now, alas,
Mischief may have come to pass!

"Unto the lap of holy earth
Do we confide our work and deed,
The sower sows the earth with seed,
And hopes 'twill give to blessings birth,
Of Heaven's grace the grateful meed.
More precious seeds in earth's dark womb
We sow with sorrow's trembling hand,
And hope that, rising from the tomb,
They'll blossom in that Better Land.

"From the steeple
Tolls the bell,
Deep and sadly,
Death's last knell.
Mournful dirges from the lofty dome
Guide a wand'rer to his last long home.

"'Tis the wife, the well belov'd one,
'Tis, alas! the faithful mother,
Whom the Prince of Shadows chases
From her husband's fond embraces,
From his children in their bloom,
Born of her, those lov'd ones, whom
Oft she to her faithful breast
With a mother's rapture pressed—
Now, alas! home's tender ties
E'er are sever'd from each other;
In the Land of Shadow lies
Of that home the gentle mother;
Now her faithful rule is gone,
Watchful, tender as the dove;
At the widow'd heart rules one
Who a stranger is to love.

"Till the bell can cool, away!
Let us leave our toil awhile!
As the feather'd songsters play,
So may each his time beguile.
When the stars appear,
Free from care and fear,
The workman hears the vesper bell;
The master cannot care dispel.

"Cheerful, through the forest's gloom,
Wends the wanderer his steps
Back to his dear cottage home.
Bleating seek the sheep their fold,
And the herd
Of the broad-brow'd cattle come,
Homewards lowing,
The accustom'd stables knowing.
Through the gate
Reels the wain,
'Neath the grain;
On the sheaves,
With their many-color'd leaves,
Garlands lie,
To the dance the youthful reapers
Joyful hie.
Street and market now are silent,
Round the taper's social flame
Sit the inmates of the house,
And the creaking town-gates close.
Darkness spreads
O'er the earth;
But no honest burgher dreads
Night's dark tide,
Though it woo to fearful deeds,
For the law is eagle-eyed.

"Holy Order, Heaven's child,
Rich in blessings, who, so mild,
Like to like so blithely calls,
Who hath raised the city's walls,
Who to quit his desert waste
Bade th' unsocial savage haste,
Who in human dwellings stealing,
Taught mankind a softer feeling,
And that best, that dearest band,
Wove, the love of Fatherland.

"Countless hands to toil unfold,
Cheerfully each other aid,
And in vying zeal, behold,
All their varied strength displayed!
Man and master join'd appear
With pure freedom in alliance,
Each, rejoicing in his sphere,
To the scoffer bids defiance.
Labor is the subject's crown,
Blessings are his labor's guerdon;
Honor to the king's renown!
Honor to the worker's burden!

"Gentle peace,
Concord blest,
Never cease
Kindly o'er our town to rest!
O may ne'er that day appear,
When the savage hords of war
Devastate this silent vale!
When the sky,
O'er which Eve her rosy shades
Sweetly throws,
With the wild and fearful glare
Of the burning city glows.

"Break asunder now the mould,
For its work is done at last,
Let both heart and eye behold
Proudly the successful cast!
Wield the hammer, wield,
Till it split the shield!
Before the bell can rise on high,
The mantel must in pieces fly.

"The master, when it seemeth good,
With prudent hand may break the mould;
But woe, when in a flaming flood
The glowing metal bursts its hold!
Blind, frantic, with the thunder's swell,
It bursts its fractur'd prison's side,
And as from out the jaws of Hell,
It vomits Ruin's flaming tide.
Where brutal strength insensate reigns,
No pictured beauty man obtains;
When nations free themselves by force
Ne'er prosper can their welfare's course.

"Woe, when within the city's wall
The smould'ring sparks in silence burn,
The people, bursting from their thrall,
To savage wilfulness return!
Then peals the bell upon its throne,
And howls on high, rebellion calls,
And, vow'd but to a peaceful tone,
The signal gives for savage brawls.

"Now Freedom's cry is heard around;
The peaceful burghers fly to arms,
The streets fill fast, the halls resound,
And murd'rous bands spread dire alarms.
Now like hyenas in their lair,
'Mid horrors women jeer and jest;

As with the panther's teeth they tear
The heart from out their foeman's breast.
Now all that's sacred men efface,
And break all bonds of pious fear,
Good now to evil giveth place,
And vice runs on its mad career.
Wake not the lion in his den!
Destructive is the tiger's jaw,
But far more terrible are men
Whom passions in their vortex draw.
Woe be to him who, to the blind,
The heav'nly torch of light conveys!
It throws no radiance on his mind,
But land and town in ashes lays.

"God hath filled me with delight!
Like a golden star, behold,
Like a kernel smooth and bright,
Peels the metal from the mould!
How the whole doth gleam
Like the sunny beam!
And in the escutcheon's shield
Is a master hand revealed.

"Come in and see!
Stand, comrades, round, and lend your aid
To christen now the bell we've made!
Concordia her name shall be.
In bonds of peace and concord may her peal
Unite the loving congregation's zeal.

"And this be henceforth her vocation,
The end and aim of her creation;
Above this nether world shall she
In Heaven's azure vault appear,
The neighbor of the thunder be,
And border on the starry sphere;
A voice of Heaven from above
Like yonder host of stars so clear,
Who laud their maker as they move,
And usher in the circling year.
Tun'd be her metal mouth alone
To things eternal and sublime,
And as the swift-wing'd hours speed on,
May she record the flight of time!
Her tongue to Fate she well may lend;
Heartless herself and feeling nought,
May with her warning notes attend
On human life, with change so fraught.
And, as the strains die on the ear

That she peals forth with tuneful might,
So let her teach that nought lasts here,
That all things earthly take their flight!

"Now then, with the rope so strong,
From the vault the bell upweigh,
That she gain the realm of song,
And the heav'nly light of day!
Pull boys, pull boys, raise!
See, she moves, she sways!
O'er our town let gladness reign,
Peace, be this her first refrain!"

(Translation after Baskerville.)

Das Lied von der Glocke.

Fest gemauert in der Erden
Steht die Form, aus Lehm gebrannt.
Heute muss die Glocke werden!
Frisch, Gesellen, seid zur Hand!
Von der Stirne heiss
Rinnen muss der Schweiss,
Soll das Werk den Meister loben;
Doch der Segen kommt von oben.

Zum Werke, das wir ernst bereiten,
Geziemt sich wohl ein ernstes Wort;
Wenn gute Reden sie begleiten,
Dann fliesst die Arbeit munter fort.
So lasst uns jetzt mit Fleiss betrachten,
Was durch die schwache Kraft entspringt;
Den schlechten Mann muss man verachten,
Der nie bedacht was er vollbringt.
Das ist's ja was den Menschen zieret,
Und dazu ward ihm der Verstand,
Dass er im innern Herzen spüret,
Was er erschafft mit seiner Hand.

Nehmet Holz vom Fichtenstamme,
Doch recht trocken lasst es sein,
Dass die eingepresste Flamme
Schlage zu dem Schwalch hinein!
Kocht des Kupfers Brei,
Schnell das Zinn herbei!
Dass die zähe Glockenspeise
Fliesse nach der rechten Weise!

Was in des Dammes tiefer Grube
Die Hand mit Feuers Hilfe baut,
Hoch auf des Turmes Glockenstube,

Da wird es von uns zeugen laut.
Noch dauern wird's in späten Tagen
Und rühren vieler Menschen Ohr
Und wird mit dem Betrübten klagen
Und stimmen zu der Andacht Chor.
Was unten tief dem Erdensohne
Das wechselnde Verhängnis bringt,
Das schlägt an die metallne Krone,
Die es erbaulich weiter klingt.

Weisse Blasen seh' ich springen;
Wohl! die Massen sind im Fluss.
Lasst's mit Aschensalz durchdringen,
Das befördert schnell den Guss.
Auch vom Schaume rein
Muss die Mischung sein,
Dass vom reinlichen Metalle
Rein und voll die Stimme schalle.

Denn mit der Freude Feierklange
Begrüsst sie das geliebte Kind
Auf seines Lebens erstem Gange,
Den es in Schlafes Arm beginnt;
Ihm ruhen noch im Zeitenschosse
Die schwarzen und die heitern Lose;
Der Mutterliebe zarte Sorgen
Bewachen seinen goldnen Morgen.
Die Jahre fliehen pfeilgeschwind.
Vom Mädchen reisst sich stolz der Knabe,
Er stürmt ins Leben wild hinaus,
Durchmisst die Welt am Wanderstabe,
Fremd kehrt er heim ins Vaterhaus.
Und herrlich, in der Jugend Prangen,
Wie ein Gebild aus Himmelshöhn,
Mit züchtigen, verschämten Wangen
Sieht er die Jungfrau vor sich stehn.
Da fasst ein namenloses Sehnen
Des Jünglings Herz, er irrt allein,
Aus seinen Augen brechen Thränen,
Er flieht der Brüder wilden Reihn.
Errötend folgt er ihren Spuren
Und ist von ihrem Gruss beglückt,
Das Schönste sucht er auf den Fluren,
Womit er seine Liebe schmückt.
O zarte Sehnsucht, süsses Hoffen!
Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit!
Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwelgt das Herz in Seligkeit;
O, dass sie ewig grünen bliebe,
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!

Wie sich die Pfeifen bräunen!
Dieses Stäbchen tauch' ich ein,
Sehn wir's überglast erscheinen,
Wird's zum Gusse zeitig sein.
Jetzt, Gesellen, frisch!
Prüft mir das Gemisch,
Ob das Spröde mit dem Weichen
Sich vereint zum guten Zeichen.

Denn wo das Strenge mit dem Zarten,
Wo Starkes sich und Mildes paarten,
Da gibt es einen guten Klang.
Drum prüfe, wer sich ewig bindet,
Ob sich das Herz zum Herzen findet!
Der Wahn ist kurz, die Reu' ist lang.
Lieblich in der Bräute Locken
Spielt der jungfräuliche Kranz,
Wenn die hellen Kirchenglocken
Laden zu des Festes Glanz.
Ach! des Lebens schönste Feier
Endigt auch den Lebensmai,
Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier
Reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei.
Die Leidenschaft flieht,
Die Liebe muss bleiben;
Die Blume verblüht,
Die Frucht muss treiben.
Der Mann muss hinaus
Ins feindliche Leben,
Muss wirken und streben
Und pflanzen und schaffen,
Erlisten, erraffen,
Muss wetten und wagen,
Das Glück zu erjagen.
Da strömet herbei die unendliche Gabe,
Es füllt sich der Speicher mit köstlicher Habe,
Die Räume wachsen, es dehnt sich das Haus.
Und drinnen waltet
Die züchtige Hausfrau,
Die Mutter der Kinder,
Und herrschet weise
Im häuslichen Kreise,
Und lehret die Mädchen
Und wehret den Knaben,
Und reget ohn' Ende
Die fleissigen Hände,
Und mehrt den Gewinn
Mit ordnendem Sinn,
Und füllet mit Schätzen die duftenden Laden
Und dreht um die schnurrende Spindel den Faden,

Und sammelt im reinlich geglätteten Schrein
Die schimmernde Wolle, den schneeigten Lein,
Und füget zum Guten den Glanz und Schimmer,
Und ruhet nimmer.

Und der Vater mit frohem Blick
Von des Hauses weitschauendem Giebel
Ueberzählet sein blühend Glück,
Siehet der Pfosten ragende Bäume
Und der Scheunen gefüllte Räume
Und die Speicher, vom Segen gebogen,
Und des Kornes bewegte Wogen,
Rühmt sich mit stolzem Mund:
Fest wie der Erde Grund,
Gegen des Unglücks Macht
Steht mir des Hauses Pracht!
Doch mit des Geschickes Mächten
Ist kein ew'ger Bund zu flechten,
Und das Unglück schreitet schnell.

Wohl! nun kann der Guss beginnen;
Schön gezacket ist der Bruch.
Doch, bevor wir's lassen rinnen,
Betet einen frommen Spruch!
Stosst den Zapfen aus!
Gott bewahr' das Haus!
Rauchend in des Henkels Bogen
Schiesst's mit feuerbraunen Wogen.

Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht,
Wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt, bewacht,
Und was er bildet, was er schafft,
Das dankt er dieser Himmelskraft;
Doch furchtbar wird die Himmelskraft,
Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft,
Einhertritt auf der eignen Spur,
Die freie Tochter der Natur.
Wehe, wenn sie losgelassen,
Wachsend ohne Widerstand,
Durch die volkbelebten Gassen
Wälzt den ungeheuren Brand!
Denn die Elemente hassen
Das Gebild der Menschenhand.
Aus der Wolke
Quillt der Segen,
Strömt der Regen;
Aus der Wolke, ohne Wahl,
Zuckt der Strahl.
Hört ihr's wimmern hoch vom Turm!
Das ist Sturm!

Rot wie Blut
Ist der Himmel;
Das ist nicht des Tages Glut!
Welch Getümmel
Strassen auf!
Dampf wallt auf!
Flackernd steigt die Feuersäule,
Durch der Strasse lange Zeile
Wächst es fort mit Windeseile;
Kochend, wie aus Ofens Rachen,
Glühn die Lüfte, Balken krachen,
Pfosten stürzen, Fenster klirren,
Kinder jammern, Mütter irren,
Tiere wimmern
Unter Trümmern;
Alles rennet, rettet, flüchtet,
Taghell ist die Nacht gelichtet.
Durch der Hände lange Kette
Um die Wette
Fliegt der Eimer; hoch im Bogen
Spritzen Quellen, Wasserwogen.
Heulend kommt der Sturm geflogen,
Der die Flamme brausend sucht.
Prasselnd in die dürre Frucht
Fällt sie, in des Speichers Räume,
In der Sparren dürre Bäume,
Und als wollte sie im Wehen
Mit sich fort der Erde Wucht
Reissen in gewalt'ger Flucht,
Wächst sie in des Himmels Höhen
Riesengross!
Hoffnungslos
Weicht der Mensch der Götterstärke,
Müssig sieht er seine Werke
Und bewundernd untergehen.

Leergebrannt
Ist die Stätte,
Wilder Stürme rauhes Bette.
In den öden Fensterhöhlen
Wohnt das Grauen,
Und des Himmels Wolken schauen
Hoch hinein.

Einen Blick
Nach dem Grabe
Seiner Habe
Sendet noch der Mensch zurück—
Greift fröhlich dann zum Wanderstabe.
Was Feuers Wut ihm auch geraubt,

Ein süsser Trost ist ihm geblieben:
Er zählt die Häupter seiner Lieben,
Und sieh! ihm fehlt kein teures Haupt.

In die Erd' ist's aufgenommen.
Glücklich ist die Form gefüllt;
Wird's auch schön zu Tage kommen,
Dass es Fleiss und Kunst vergilt?
Wenn der Guss misslang?
Wenn die Form zersprang?
Ach, vielleicht, indem wir hoffen,
Hat uns Unheil schon getroffen.

Dem dunklen Schoss der heil'gen Erde
Vertrauen wir der Hände That,
Vertraut der Sämann seine Saat
Und hofft, dass sie entkeimen werde
Zum Segen nach des Himmels Rat.
Noch köstlicheren Samen bergen
Wir trauernd in der Erde Schoss
Und hoffen dass er aus den Särgen
Erblühen soll zu schönrem Los.

Von dem Dome,
Schwer und bang,
Tönt die Glocke,
Grabgesang.
Ernst begleiten ihre Trauerschläge
Einen Wandrer auf dem letzten Wege.

Ach, die Gattin ist's, die teure,
Ach! es ist die treue Mutter,
Die der schwarze Fürst der Schatten,
Wegführt aus dem Arm des Gatten,
Aus der zarten Kinder Schar,
Die sie blühend ihm gebar,
Die sie an der treuen Brust
Wachsen sah mit Mutterlust—
Ach, des Hauses zarte Bande
Sind gelöst auf immerdar;
Denn sie wohnt im Schattenlande,
Die des Hauses Mutter war!
Denn es fehlt ihr treues Walten,
Ihre Sorge wacht nicht mehr;
An verwaister Stätte schalten
Wird die Fremde, liebeleer.

Bis die Glocke sich verkühlet,
Lasst die strenge Arbeit ruhn.
Wie im Laub der Vogel spielet,

Mag sich jeder götlich thun.
Winkt der Sterne Licht,
Ledig aller Pflicht,
Hört der Bursch die Vesper schlagen;
Meister muss sich immer plagen.

Munter fördert seine Schritte
Fern im wilden Forst der Wandrer
Nach der lieben Heimathütte.
Blöckend ziehen heim die Schafe,
Und der Rinder
Breitgestirnte, glatte Scharen
Kommen brüllend,
Die gewohnten Ställe füllend.
Schwer herein
Schwankt der Wagen,
Kornbeladen;
Bunt von Farben,
Auf den Garben
Liegt der Kranz,
Und das junge Volk der Schnitter
Fliegt zum Tanz.
Markt und Strasse werden stiller;
Um des Lichts gesell'ge Flamme
Sammeln sich die Hausbewohner,
Und das Stadtthor schliesst sich knarrend.
Schwarz bedecket
Sich die Erde!
Doch den sichern Bürger schrecket
Nicht die Nacht,
Die den Bösen grässlich wecket;
Denn das Auge des Gesetzes wacht.

Heil'ge Ordnung, segenreiche
Himmelstochter, die das Gleiche
Frei und leicht und freudig bindet,
Die der Städte Bund gegründet,
Die herein von den Gefilden
Rief den ungesell'gen Wilden,
Eintrat in der Menschen Hütten,
Und das teuerste der Bande
Wob, den Trieb zum Vaterlande!

Tausend fleiss'ge Hände regen,
Helfen sich in munterm Bund,
Und in feurigem Bewegen
Werden alle Kräfte kund.
Meister rührt sich und Geselle
In der Freiheit heil'gem Schutz;
Jeder freut sich seiner Stelle,

Bietet dem Verächter Trutz.
Arbeit ist des Bürger's Zierde,
Segen ist der Mühe Preis;
Ehrt den König seine Würde,
Ehret uns der Hände Fleiss.

Holder Friede,
Süsse Eintracht,
Weilet, weilet
Freundlich über dieser Stadt!
Möge nie der Tag erscheinen,
Wo des rauhen Krieges Horden
Dieses stille Thal durchtoben,
Wo der Himmel,
Den des Abends sanfte Röte
Lieblich malt,
Von der Dörfer, von der Städte
Wildem Brande schrecklich strahlt!

Nun zerbrecht mir das Gebäude,
Seine Absicht hat's erfüllt,
Dass sich Herz und Auge weide
An dem wohlgelungnen Bild.
Schwingt den Hammer, schwingt,
Bis der Mantel springt!
Wenn die Glock' soll auferstehen,
Muss die Form in Stücken gehen.

Der Meister kann die Form zerbrechen
Mit weiser Hand, zur rechten Zeit;
Doch wehe, wenn in Flammenbächen
Das glühnde Erz sich selbst befreit!
Blindwütend, mit des Donners Krachen,
Zersprengt es das geborstne Haus,
Und wie aus offnem Höllenrachen
Speit es Verderben zündend aus.
Wo rohe Kräfte sinnlos walten,
Da kann sich kein Gebild gestalten;
Wenn sich die Völker selbst befrein,
Da kann die Wohlfahrt nicht gedeihn.

Weh, wenn sich in dem Schoss der Städte
Der Feuerzunder still gehäuft,
Das Volk, zerreissend seine Kette,
Zur Eigenhilfe schrecklich greift!
Da zerret an der Glocke Strängen
Der Aufruhr, dass sie heulend schallt
Und, nur geweiht zu Friedensklängen,
Die Losung anstimmt zur Gewalt.

Freiheit und Gleichheit! hört man schallen;
Der ruh'ge Bürger greift zur Wehr,
Die Strassen füllen sich, die Hallen,
Und Würgerbanden ziehn umher.
Da werden Weiber zu Hyänen
Und treiben mit Entsetzen Scherz;
Noch zuckend, mit des Panthers Zähnen,
Zerreissen sie des Feindes Herz.
Nichts Heiliges ist mehr, es lösen
Sich alle Bande frommer Scheu;
Der Gute räumt den Platz dem Bösen,
Und alle Laster walten frei.
Gefährlich ist's den Leu zu wecken,
Verderblich ist des Tigers Zahn;
Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken,
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.
Weh denen, die dem Ewigblinden
Des Lichtes Himmelsfackel leihn!
Sie strahlt ihm nicht, sie kann nur zünden
Und äschert Städt' und Länder ein.

Freude hat mir Gott gegeben:
Sehet! wie ein goldner Stern,
Aus der Hülse blank und eben,
Schält sich der metallne Kern.
Von dem Helm zum Kranz
Spielt's wie Sonnenglanz,
Auch des Wappens nette Schilder
Loben den erfahrnen Bilder.

Herein! herein!
Gesellen alle, schliesst den Reihen,
Dass wir die Glocke taufend weihen!
Konkordia soll ihr Name sein.
Zur Eintracht, zu herzinnigem Vereine
Versammle sie die liebende Gemeine.

Und dies sei fortan ihr Beruf,
Wozu der Meister sie erschuf:
Hoch überm niedern Erdenleben
Soll sie im blauen Himmelszelt,
Die Nachbarin des Donners, schweben
Und grenzen an die Sternenwelt,
Soll eine Stimme sein von oben,
Wie der Gestirne helle Schar,
Die ihren Schöpfer wandelnd loben
Und führen das bekränzte Jahr.
Nur ewigen und ernsten Dingen
Sei ihr metallner Mund geweiht,
Und stündlich mit den schnellen Schwingen

Berühr' im Fluge sie die Zeit.
Dem Schicksal leihe sie die Zunge;
Selbst herzlos, ohne Mitgefühl,
Begleite sie mit ihrem Schwunge
Des Lebens wechselvolles Spiel.
Und wie der Klang im Ohr vergehet,
Der mächtig tönend ihr entschallt,
So lehre sie, dass nichts bestehet,
Dass alles Irdische verhallt.

Jetzo mit der Kraft des Stranges
Wiegt die Glock' mir aus der Gruft,
Dass sie in das Reich des Klanges
Steige, in die Himmelsluft!
Ziehet, ziehet, hebt!
Sie bewegt sich, schwebt!
Freude dieser Stadt bedeute,
Friede sei ihr erst Geläute.]

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